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One Halfpenny.

BURIAL OF THE VETERAN DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.



Not since the burial of the Duke of Wellington has a soldier's funeral so stirred the London populace as did that of the veteran Duke of Cambridge, whose remains were laid to rest yesterday at Kensal Green Cemetery. From Whitehall—the scene of the above picture—to the grave tens of thousands of men and women paid their last respects to the memory of the late royal Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. In the warm spring sunshine the pageant was a memorable and imposing spectacle. Behind the gun carriage, which bore the coffin, two Lancers led the late Duke's charger—an incident which imparted an additional element of pathos to the funeral procession.

[Photos by a "Mirror" artist.]



All the way from the Abbey to the cemetery the slow-moving massed bands played funeral marches. The rich volume of low music produced a deep impression upon the listening thousands, recalling the solemnities of the funeral of the late Queen Victoria, who was the cousin of the Duke of Cambridge.

WIDOWS' MITE.

Pensions for the Women
Bereaved by the A1
Disaster.

PROGRESS OF SALVAGE WORK

Universal is the sympathy felt for the widows and families of the brave tars who perished in the ill-fated submarine A1.

It is well that this feeling has taken practical form in the opening of subscription lists, for the official aid to the bereaved is pitifully insignificant. The Admiralty last night informed Mr. K. Lucas, M.P., that the following will be the scale of pensions for the widows of able seamen and stokers, 5s. a week; second-class petty officers, 5s.; first-class petty officers, 7s. 6d.; and chief petty officers, 9s. There is an allowance for each dependent child of 1s. 6d. a week in the case of able seamen, stokers, and second-class petty officers, and of 2s. a week in each of first-class and chief petty officers.

Raising the A1.

In a turbulent sea, the spray washing over the steamboat specially chartered for the purpose, a *Mirror* representative again visited the scene of the disaster yesterday afternoon. A chat with the captain of the *Belos*, the vessel engaged by the Admiralty to raise the ill-fated vessel, revealed substantial progress.

She has been grappled afloat, and the salvors intend to take a similar course with regard to the fore part of the vessel during the next three tides. But the currents have been so strong that the work of the divers is exceedingly hazardous. As has been resolved, cable communication has proved that there are no damages to the submarine, except at the conning tower, to have the rough repairs done by divers, who are also mechanics, as the vessel lies in her present position, and then to set the pumping gear to work.

If the weather is favourable Captain Hoygren hopes to be ready for the pumping to-day, and to have his contract to deliver the submarine at the lockyard completed to-morrow.

Captain Bacon, one of the authorities on submarines at Portsmouth Dockyard, who visited the *Belos* yesterday afternoon on torpedo-boat No. 26, is not so sanguine, and thinks that the vessel will not be towed into port before Friday or Saturday.

Fortune in Misfortune.

Chief petty officer Charles Rowe was the torpedo-instructor of the A1, and but for having been taken ill would have been included in the number of victims. A few days before the ship was lost Rowe fell down unconscious in the bottom of the vessel. They were under water for several hours, and when she rose to the surface Rowe was taken to Haslar Hospital, where he lay in a very precarious condition. Rowe had been in the boat since she was built, and earned special promotion and the medal of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, which was presented to him by the Prince of Wales for his gallantry in rescuing men from the interior of Submarine A1 when an explosion occurred on board her at Barrow-in-Furness.

He says that had the water been kept out of the hull all but one of the crew could have been saved by blowing through the foremost torpedo tube, as there must in any case have been one victim, as one of the ship's company would have had to stay in her to work the tube through which the others escaped.

MAN WHO STEWED CATS.

Bloomsbury Alien Watched While
Stalking Pussy.

RECIPE FOR STEWED CAT.—First catch your cat—a tom for choice. Then dress him as you would a rabbit, and stew him gently for two hours. Chop onions and parsley fine and fry them in melted butter. Place your cat in this for ten minutes; season to taste and serve hot.

This, according to the landlord of a Guildford-street boarding-house, was his cat-eating lodger's recipe.

An eye-witness of the way in which the Italian used to hunt his prey says that, crossing Russell-square one night, he grabbed an unsuspecting puss who brushed against his legs, strangled it to prevent it crying out, and then seizing it by the tail dashed its head upon the pavement.

Now the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has taken the case up. The cat-eater has only moved to an adjoining street, and the Bloomsbury squares are nightly being watched by officers of the society eager to catch the nocturnal huntsman in the act.

But, as the secretary of the society explained to a *Mirror* representative, it is difficult to see what they can do. If the unsuspecting pussies are killed instantaneously it cannot be called cruelty. The society has frequently taken action against people who have left cats shut up in empty houses to starve, but here they appear to be helpless.

"SNAP" TACTICS FAIL.

The Government Whips were for some time in a state of trepidation during the early stages of the sitting in the House of Commons yesterday, for on Tuesday week, when the Government were defeated, there was again a dangerous slackness amongst Conservatives. Army excess Votes for the year suddenly came up. Liberals, finding themselves in a majority, kept their seats. However, Mr. Matthew White Ridley, Colonel Legge, Mr. "Tommy" Bowles, and others were, moved by various motives, able to indulge in the requisite long-windedness, and when a division was taken to cement found themselves with a majority of 25.

SOLDIER DUKE LAID TO REST.

Thousands Throng to Witness a Pageant of
Mournful Magnificence.

Bury the great Duke
With an Empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation;
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens helmet and hall.

Since Tennyson wrote these lines on the funeral of the Duke of Wellington no soldier has been accorded such a tribute as the Duke of Cambridge yesterday.

All Monday night the coffin lay in St. Faith's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, guarded by men of the Grenadier Guards. Early yesterday morning it was borne to the high catafalque under the lantern. There, surrounded by six tall candles and covered with the Union Jack and Royal Standard; it waited for the last impressive service. On the coffin lay the ducal coronet, glinting in the dim candle light, and the sword and baton which told the profession and rank of the noble dead.

THE UNFAMILIAR LAMENT.

By half-past ten—the service was to begin at eleven—bright uniforms of every branch of the Service were passing through the long, dim nave of the Abbey to their appointed seats, the brilliant colours startling the shadows among the old grey pillars.

Suddenly from behind the high altar, hidden under its Lenten drapery of purple, there rang out a weird and unfamiliar funeral lament.

The musicians were hidden in the Henry V. Chapel. The music they played was heard for the second time in Westminster Abbey. It was originally composed by Purcell for the funeral of Queen Mary II.

As it died away, Mendelssohn's "Funeral March" pealed forth from above the screen, and the Abbey choir came slowly up the nave.

Chopin's funeral march was played, and then the whisper passed along that the King had arrived. With impressive slowness, and in dead silence, the Grenadiers lining the nave reversed their arms. The great banners drooped forwards. Not a face was to be seen. Each man looked like a figure of grief.

A BRILLIANT CONGREGATION.

Slowly the King and Queen, escorted by the Dean and sub-Dean, passed between the Guardsmen to their places. The Queen entered the Dean's stall. The Princesses of Wales and other royal ladies had already taken their places. The King moved on to the head of the coffin.

As the eye ran round the grey old Abbey seemed like some new and unknown building. Everywhere was brilliant colour. Looking eastward was the purple and red of the altar. To north and south were the uniforms, not so bright to the north, perhaps, for there were the peers, headed by the Lord Chancellor, and his Majesty's faithful Commons, headed by the Speaker.

Strange notes were made among the crowd by the brilliant dress of the Russian Ambassador and by the red fezes of the Turkish diplomats.

In the choir alone was there a dull note, the deep mourning of the Queen and the Princesses.

In the centre of it all stood the coffin itself, surrounded by men whose names are household words throughout the Empire—Roberts and French, Buller, Kelly-Kenny, Wolseley and Evelyn Wood.

THE KING'S REVERIE.

The sad but hopeful words of the Burial Service rang impressively through the Abbey, the King still keeping his place as chief mourner.

Even when the Lesson began he still continued to stand, and it was only when his attention was drawn to a seat prepared for him that he sat down.

The whole service, with the exception of the Committal, followed. No sooner had the concluding prayer been uttered than the familiar hymn, "Onward, Christian soldiers," was sung by the express wish of the King.

Then followed the Benediction, and after a moment's absolute silence, Norroy King-at-Arms,

accompanied by Somerset Herald, stepped to the coffin, adding yet another touch of colour to the scene with their old-world tabards, as Norroy proclaimed the style and titles of the "mighty Prince," now dead.

The ceremony was over. The eight tall Guardsmen, chosen men from among the non-commissioned officers of the Grenadier Guards, raised the massive coffin, and the procession made its way to the west door. Round the coffin were the dead Duke's comrades in arms; close behind followed his Sovereign and twenty princely mourners, and so the great dead passed out towards the grave.

A SOLDIER'S HEARSE.

Out, through the great west door, passed the stalwart Grenadiers with their burden, into the brilliant sunshine, where stood the waiting gun-carriage.

At the casket, shrouded in a Union Jack, on which lay the dead Duke's Field-Marshal's cocked hat and baton, was tenderly laid on the gun-carriage, the first long-drawn-out notes of the "Dead March" in Saul broke the reverential silence which till then had marked the proceedings outside the Abbey.

The familiar funeral dirge was the first sound to break a long, long silence. The boom of the drum, mingling in strange harmony with the clash of brass, filled the air with an almost awesome solemnity. There was not a sound from the mourning populace: no cheer, no murmur. But the great vista of bare, bowed heads of silent people was a true index of the depth of the popular feeling.

OLD COMRADES' TRIBUTE.

For the greater part the populace were dressed in mourning garb. Amidst the throng were to be seen numbers of old soldiers, with many medals affixed in their civilian clothes, who had come to bid a last farewell to their well-loved comrade.

The procession to Kensal Green Cemetery was a grand military spectacle. All branches of the service were represented, and the sparkling sunshine accentuated the brilliance of the gay-coloured uniforms. The immense interest taken in the pageant was shown by the great crowds of people gathered at all points on the route. To the public whose interest was not so much in the grandeur of the spectacle, the most significantly pathetic feature was the appearance of the late Duke's charger, which was led, with stirrups reversed and the Field-Marshal's boots hanging, by two troopers of the 2nd Lancers.

LONG LINE OF CARRIAGES.

Twenty-one royal carriages, all closed, took part in the procession. In the first was the King, who was chief mourner, with Prince Albert of Prussia. Next came the Prince of Wales, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and Prince Charles of Denmark. Following the royal carriages were the representatives of the foreign powers, Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir Henry Norman, and Sir F. P. Haines, and Generals Sir Redvers Buller, Sir Richard Harrison, Sir Martin Dillon, Sir H. Wilkinson, Lord Grenfell, Sir Reginald Gipsy, Sir John French, Sir T. Kelly-Kenny, Sir C. Higginson, and Sir F. Stephenson. Other carriages contained representatives of the foreign powers.

On the arrival of the cortege at Kensal Green Cemetery about 2.30, his Majesty the King, with the male members of the Royal Family, royal representatives, and pall bearers, alighted from their carriages, and proceeded to the Cambridge Mausoleum, where, on the arrival of the coffin, the last funeral service was conducted by the Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal.

THE LAST POST.

The last scene of all was the firing of three volleys over the grave by a firing party of the Grenadiers, and the sounding of the "Last Post" by the massed bugles of the Brigade of Guards. Then, a great and noble servant of the King was left to his rest.

DEADLY SMOKE CANOPY.

Speaking yesterday at a meeting of the Coal Smoke Abatement Society, Sir W. B. Richmond said most of the municipal authorities in the metropolitan area had begun to manifest active sympathy towards the society, but some still remained hostile and recalcitrant.

On the other hand, the London County Council were preparing a scheme under which offenders could be fined £10 for the first offence, and such people as the West Ham Council would find themselves compelled by the Local Government Board to put the law in force.

Sir Thomas Barlow said it was not the people who came from the northern parts of the Kingdom with surplus vitality, or those who could afford to go out of London on long holidays whom they had to consider, but those who had to spend the whole of their days under the canopy of smoke, and those who were to come after them. Smoke-polluted air was responsible for the marked deterioration among London-born people.

REVOLTING ORGIE.

Having received £20 under the Workmen's Compensation Act on February 26 last John Worsey, a Wolverhampton labourer, purchased a barrel of ale and other intoxicating liquor and invited a number of friends to his house.

Some fifty men and women drank the beer from a new bucket and were all more or less drunk. Worsey went upstairs to his bedroom, and through a hole in a panel of the door, which he had locked, he distributed brandy.

A man named Thomas lurched up the stairs and demanded some of Worsey's money. It is alleged that when he attempted to force his way through the aperture Worsey attacked him with a mine pick. These facts were revealed at the inquest on Thomas yesterday, when a verdict of manslaughter was returned against Worsey.

NAVAL BLACKMAIL.

System Modified Since Our
Revelations, But Still
Continues.

AN ACTUAL CASE.

As our correspondents have stated, the system of "tipping" the naval police at Chatham has been modified to some extent since our disclosures began. But we are able to offer to-day an absolute proof that it still goes on.

Last week a bluejacket called here—we have had others since, as our article on Monday testified—and offered to give us this proof. He proposed to overstay his leave and to see whether he could escape punishment by a "tip." We could not encourage a servant of the nation to break the rules of his service, but, all the same, the man went away determined to give us all the help he could in exposing and putting down blackmail.

Since then we have received from him the following telegram, from which we omit certain words, as well as the date, for obvious reasons—we have no desire to make this A.B. a marked man:—

TO CERTIFY AM ASHORE — HOURS —
MINUTES BEHIND TIME. NO PUNISHMENT.
TIPPED CRUISER A SHILLING. SLEPT LAST
NIGHT AT — STREET, S.W. CAUGHT —
TRAIN THIS MORNING.

We have this man's name and address, and he has given an undertaking to repeat his statement on oath if necessary.

Mr. Crowe, senior master-at-arms at Chatham, has, it appears, been saying that the information supplied to us has been supplied falsely and by way of a hoax at his instigation. Perhaps he will claim to have instigated this man as well. If he has there will be a surprise in store for him when an official inquiry takes place.

Another man—a second-class petty officer—writes:—"Now, every word you have published is absolutely true, and not one-half has been said about what occurs."

"Not only is tipping carried on to the extent you mention, but there are tips for everything. You can get a week's sick list for a shilling."

"Great thanks will be the reward to him or those who can help put a stop to this nefarious practice."

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.)

I think "A.B." R.N. Barracks, Chatham, is perhaps not aware of the easy facilities given to would-be purchasers of houses in this district. Although this particular policeman may have half a dozen houses in his name, probably they are mortgaged very heavily.

In all probability the individual in question has perhaps only £20 in each house, and the tenants are making the repayments for him. Say, for instance, the houses cost £100 each and he borrows £140, he would only pay weekly 2s. for each £60 borrowed; that would be 4s. 8d. per week. If the houses are let at 5s. per week they pay for themselves. CHARLES KNIGHT, Pearl House, Sheerness.

MADE HIS TEETH ACHE.

Russian Commander Vividly Describes a Naval Action.

From a Russian officer comes a vivid picture of the terrible scenes he witnessed at a recent bombardment of Port Arthur.

This officer (says a Reuter special) was in command of the battery on Electric Cliff during the bombardment, and the scenes he describes by the weather as clear and sunny. Suddenly a little speck on the horizon was gradually transformed into fifteen Japanese ships, which approached to within six miles of the fort.

"Then," he continues, "a tiny puff of smoke was seen, and all of us in the battery wondered where the shot would fall. It fell eighty yards away from the cliff where we were standing, and burst right under the bows of the *Perovskit*, splashing her decks with spray."

"What followed was almost indescribable. The sea underneath fairly boiled with the swishing plunge of shells. The words of command were audible to the guns, and I tried to make my orders understood amid the belching of 150 guns, and the prolonged roar of the shells bursting with fearful crashes overhead. The smoke and dust blinded us."

"I did not experience any excitement. My teeth began to ache, and I had a strange sensation of joy amidst the scenes of death. It took half an hour for me after the first bomb exploded. It was a dreadful sight. There was blood everywhere. After the battle was over, General Stoessel pinned the St. George's Cross on my breast, but what does that matter? I am in hospital!"

From St. Petersburg yesterday Reuter sends the following:—

"Japanese" torpedo-boats appeared off Port Arthur about midnight on the night between 21st and 22nd inst. Several of the batteries of the fortress and the guardships cannonaded them for twenty minutes.

"The same scene was repeated four hours later, and at half-past six in the morning first four and then eleven Japanese ships, with eight torpedo-boats appeared."

Driven suddenly mad, a woman, at King's Heath, Birmingham, yesterday, attacked her two children with a knife as they lay asleep, and nearly severed their heads from their bodies.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:
Fine at first; cloudy towards evening, with
rain in places; gusty westerly breezes.
Lighting-up time: 7.17 p.m.
Sea passages will be moderate or rather
rough generally.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A
GLANCE.

Most impressive scenes marked the funeral of the late Duke of Cambridge. The service in the Abbey was attended by the King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family. Crowds lined the streets through which the procession passed on its way to Kensal Green, where the body was placed in the mausoleum in the presence of the royal and other mourners.—(Page 2.)

Reuter reports yet another attack on Port Arthur. A Russian officer gives a vivid description of the recent bombardment of the port.—(Page 2.)

Blackmail in the Navy still continues, though to a modified extent. We are able to-day to give specific particulars of a case that has been brought to our notice.—(Page 2.)

Telegrams state that of the cases of plague at Johannesburg thirty-seven have proved fatal, this total including one European. The situation is such that whites are leaving the town.—(Page 5.)

Major Seely, who has resigned the representation of the Isle of Wight, will, it is now stated, seek re-election as a Free-trade candidate.—(Page 5.)

Damages amounting to £1,350 were awarded to Miss S. Ferrars, of Bayswater, against Major Dudley Apthorp, late of the 19th Hussars, whom she sued for breach of promise.—(Page 6.)

Further details respecting the Hereros rising in South-West Africa show it to be in a measure due to brutality practised by Germans.—(Page 2.)

Another attempt to destroy life and property has been made by anarchists at Liège, an infernal machine being found outside the house of a police commissary. No arrest has yet been made.—(Page 5.)

On the resumption in the Divorce Court of the case Pollard v. Pollard further evidence was called for the King's Proctor. Prior to the rising of the Court Sir E. Clarke delivered his address for the petitioner.—(Page 6.)

The young Northampton carpenter Rowledge, charged with the murder of his sweetheart by shooting, and with attempting to take the life of his brother, was yesterday committed for trial. A remarkable story was told by the prosecution.—(Page 5.)

Worried by business troubles, Robert Bishop, a well-known Windsor builder, addressed a pathetic letter to his wife and then committed suicide by taking poison.—(Page 6.)

Dr. F. J. Hicks, for twenty-five years a resident in the West End, was at Marylebone Police Court remanded charged with being concerned in committing a serious offence.—(Page 6.)

Creditors of Mr. Sully, the Cotton King, have not yet decided upon their course of action, although it is asserted that the debtor is to be made bankrupt.—(Page 15.)

Serious allegations were made against a young man named McCarthy at the South-Western Police Court yesterday in respect to the conduct of a theatrical agency.—(Page 6.)

It was proposed at the Eton Board of Guardians' meeting yesterday that a proper shaving-chair should be provided for the inmates. A discussion ended in the proposition being referred to committee.—(Page 2.)

No less a sum than £3,296 was contributed by the public to a Derby sweepstake, in respect of which three men were yesterday brought before the Bow-street magistrate and remanded.—(Page 6.)

Many recent breach of promise cases have drawn attention to the perils of courtship. Interviewed, a well-known lawyer has given his views on the matter.—(Page 7.)

Passive resisters summoned yesterday at Croydon included magistrates and clergymen. There was a procession through the town prior to the proceedings, and later an indignation meeting.—(Page 8.)

Great men and their clothes is the subject of a specially illustrated article in this issue.—(Page 11.)

Uninsured won an exciting race for the Lincolnshire Handicap, Wollshall being second, and Stoc third. There were twenty-three runners, the winner's starting price being 9 to 2.—(Page 14.)

Interest is becoming keen in the Boat Race. Critics now think that Cambridge, manifestly the better of the two at present, may have to fight hard for victory.—(Page 15.)

On 'Change business was not quite so brisk, future loans being discussed. Home Rails returns were poor, and the market was a result lacking. Americans were uncertain, and fluctuations noticeable among Kafirs.—(Page 15.)

To-Day's Arrangements.

Concert under the patronage of the Duchess of Connaught and the Duchess of Hife, by the Stock Exchange Orchestral and Choral Society, in aid of the North-Eastern Hospital for Children.
Mr. C. T. Verkes speaks at the Mayor of Kensington's Dinner, Bailey's Hotel, 7.30.
Selden Society: Lord Macnaghten presides at the annual meeting, Lincoln's Inn Hall, 4.30.
The Duke of Marlborough presides at a dinner of the National Fire Brigades' Union, Holborn Restaurant, 6.
Sir Henry Cotton on "The Invasion of Tibet," at a breakfast given by Sir W. Wedderburn, Westminster Palace Hotel, 9.30.
Lord Justice Vaughan Williams presides at the annual Dinner of the United Law Society, Hotel Cecil.
National Education Association: Annual meeting, Westminster Palace Hotel, 2.30.
Presentation to the Archbishop of Westminster by the City of Southwark, Archbishop's House, 4.30.

DUKE'S BODY BORNE FROM THE ABBEY.



With six stalwart non-commissioned Grenadier officers to carry him, the body of the late Duke of Cambridge was borne from Westminster Abbey to the waiting gun-carriage. On the coffin lay the dead Duke's hat and his Field-marshal's baton.
Sketch made on the spot

COLONIAL MUTINY.

A dispatch from Tasmania states that an Order in Council has been passed disbanding two batteries of artillery and six companies of infantry, and that twenty-seven officers have been placed on the unattached list.

This action has been the result of what was practically a mutiny among the Tasmanian troops on February 6 last, when Major-General Sir E. Hutton, Commander of the Commonwealth forces, visited Hobart to hold an inspection. Only 193 men turned up out of 1,000, the reason given being the dissatisfaction on the question of pay. At the present time there is no common defence law for

all the colonies. The Commonwealth troops on the mainland are paid a much higher rate of pay than the Tasmanians.

The Tasmanian forces say they refused to muster before General Hutton, as a protest against being differently treated. It was decided to hold an inquiry into the affair, with the result that nearly one-fourth of the entire Tasmanian forces have been disbanded.

Reuter is officially authorised to deny the statement that the Chinese Government is stipulating, as the condition for permitting coolie emigration to South Africa, for the removal of restrictions against Chinese landing on the British Pacific seaboard.

QUIETED BY BEER.

The circumstances of the military riot at Howick appear to have been a good deal exaggerated. Six hundred details, awaiting shipment to India, had not received their pay, and forty of them rushed the camp canteen, and rolled out the barrels of beer. They resisted an attempt to recover the beer, which they proceeded to drink amid general merriment. There were no arms in the camp.

In response to a telegram sent to Pietermaritzburg 140 of the West Yorkshire Regiment, with two Maxim guns, were dispatched to Howick, but on their arrival it was found that the beer had been drunk, and the men were orderly and quietly entertained. No one was injured.

MESSAGES FROM THE MARINERS' TOMB.



The divers who have been going down to the bed of the Solent for particulars regarding the sunken submarine A1 report their observations to a waiting officer, who then dispatches the message by carrier pigeon to the Admiral of the Fleet. Since the lamentable catastrophe there have been many such messages, but the submarine still lies at the bottom, and the experts fear that some days must pass before the A1 is floated.
[Sketches from description supplied]

[by our Portsmouth correspondent.]

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

Yesterday the London County Council passed without comment the recommendation of the Theatres Committee to serve notices on the owners of Drury Lane Theatre requiring them to carry out 143 alterations in the building.

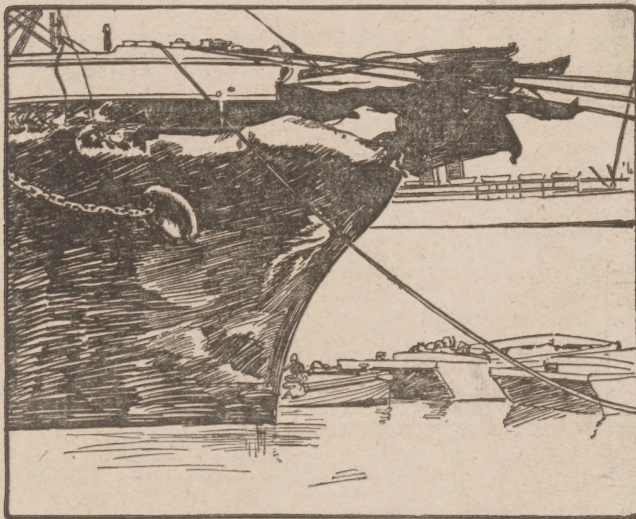
In the Civil Service Estimates for law charges for next year provision is made for £6,483, and £2,000, contributions to the Bank of England

15,000lb. were sent to the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew and Edinburgh, and 9,800lb. to the inmates of criminal lunatic asylums.

Mauritius has experienced a hurricane, but the only damage to shipping was the driving ashore of an Italian barque.

A fire broke out yesterday afternoon in Appley Towers, one of the largest residences of Ryde,

EYE-WITNESS'S GUINEA PICTURE.



The above photo shows how the New York fared in the collision of Sunday last with the troopship Assaye. Just against the New York's stem the diver's boat can be seen. The diver at the time is at his daring work under the surface. Both the New York and the Assaye are now lying in the Empress Dock at Southampton, where they are daily visited by hundreds of people.

towards expenses connected with the prosecution of bank note forgers and the late Mr. Whitaker Wright.

Prince Francis Joseph of Braganza recently shot a white polecat, a very rare animal.

Mr. George Meredith has returned to his residence on Box Hill in much improved health.

About £12,000 is to be expended on providing further accommodation for criminal lunatics at Parkhurst.

The Afridi who made an attempt on the life of Colonel Finnis, R.E., at Peshawar, India, was hanged yesterday.

Princess Elizabeth von Windisch-Graetz, daughter of the late Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria, gave birth to a son yesterday.

Estimates for the Civil Service for 1904-5 amount to £27,983,920. For 1903-4 they were £26,561,033, the increase being £1,422,887.

For the protection of German trade interests abroad the German Government contemplate building a third squadron of battleships.

Ratepayers will regret to hear that there is a prospect of an increase of a penny in the London County Council rate for the ensuing year.

By a vote of eighty-two to thirty-seven the London County Council yesterday refused to elect any Moderates on the Works Committee.

Mr. Weir, M.P., is to ask the President of the Board of Trade if he will represent to the Metropolitan Extension Railway the desirability of using smokeless coal.

Expenditure required for British naval and military officers engaged in observing and reporting upon the Russo-Japanese war is fixed at the rate of £7,424 per annum.

Carraro, the cobbler who attempted at Innsbruck to stab a retired officer living in the same house as the German Consul, mistaking him for the latter, is (says Reuter) obviously mentally deranged.

To enable them to acquire the property of the Metropolitan Electric Supply Co., and purchase land, the London County Council yesterday decided to lend the Marylebone Borough Council £1,765,000.

Baron Mengden, a landed proprietor in the Russian province of Livonia, has been murdered on his estate. Rumour connects the crime with the prevailing hostility between the Lettish and German elements in the Baltic provinces.

John Daniel Hill, a gentleman of Beshill, was fined £2 and costs at Hastings yesterday for assaulting Sir Augustus Webster, of Battle Abbey. Sir Augustus was walking through the Abbey park when the defendant drove a motor-car close by him and gave the baronet a blow on the shoulder as he passed, saying "Get on."

As the archdeacon in a church at Kuttenberg, Bohemia, was making the sign of the cross with ashes on the foreheads of the faithful, a piece of ash fell on a wound on his right-hand finger. The hand and arm swelled to a terrific size, and blood-poisoning set in. A professor from Prague was summoned, but the condition of the unfortunate cleric is hopeless.

An old carpenter named Jaeschke has been sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment for libelling an officer, who was exercising his men in gun practice. The men were ordered to kneel, and the ground being very wet at the time the old carpenter protested. "No one ought to submit to such treatment," he said; "and if you persist I will report the matter to the editor of 'Vorwarts'" (the Social Democratic paper).

During the past five years 29,331lb. of contraband tobacco was seized by the Customs; of this

which was valued at £60,000 thirty years ago. The roof collapsed and the interior of the tower, about 100 feet high, was burnt out.

Each member of a club of ten criminals at Gross Beckerek, Hungary, has committed suicide recently by arrangement.

In accordance with her dying wish a young Romford woman, married two years ago, is to be buried in her bridal robes.

It is stated in political circles in Paris that there was never any question of M. Loubet visiting the Pope in the course of his visit to Italy.

Lambeth Borough Council has decided to plant the Albert Embankment, and also the approaches along the Lambeth-road, with young saplings.

On the West Highland Railway the rear portion of a luggage train jumped the points, causing a delay of four hours to the mail train from Glasgow proceeding northwards.

Since the end of the war Great Britain has spent £9,000,000 on the Transvaal and Orange River Colony beyond the actual cost of the war. Of this, £3,000,000 has been repaid.

Mr. Wilson Barrett will be at the professional matinee of "The Never-Never Land" at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, on Saturday, but he will not play in the piece.

The New River Company's Bill reveals the curious fact that among other "businesses" the company is to have the right to trade as "licensed victuallers and house agents."

A memorial statue of the late Dr. Mandell Creighton, 105th Bishop of London, executed by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., is shortly to be placed in the south choir aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral.

At to-morrow's meeting of the City Corporation the Streets Committee will recommend that a Bill be immediately promoted in Parliament empowering the Corporation to inspect all buildings and compel owners to provide proper means of exit through the roof by fixed ladders and other adequate means of escape from fire.

NEW MEMBER FOR ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN.

About noon yesterday the result of the polling for a member of Parliament for the St. Stephen's Division of Dublin was declared as follows:—

Mr. L. A. Waldron (N.) 3,457

Mr. C. Matheson (U.) 2,821

Majority 636

At the 1900 election the late Mr. McCann, also a Nationalist, had a majority of 556.

TO EYE WITNESSES.

The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" invites amateur and professional artists and photographers to send IMMEDIATELY rough sketches and photographs of interesting and important happenings which may come under their notice at home or abroad. All photographs and sketches that are used by the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" will be paid for, but no photographs or sketches will be returned in any event. Express letter delivery or "train parcels" should be used whenever possible. Address:

QUICK NEWS DEPARTMENT,

"Daily Illustrated Mirror,"

2, Carmelite Street, London.

ZOO ZEBRA DEAD.

Broken-hearted at Being Trained to Servitude.

Children will hear with sorrow the sad news from the Zoological Gardens.

Last week the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* described how Captain Hayes was breaking in two zebras for them to ride round the Zoo grounds next summer. The Captain's attempts bid fair to be crowned with success. One of the beasts struggled hard to avoid the indignity of being driven in harness, and having to carry a human being, but it eventually appeared resigned to fate, and was driven round. But afterwards the zebra refused food for several days, and now it has died—some say of a broken heart, caused by the indignity which its proud spirit bitterly resented.

At the Zoological Gardens they are not inclined to take this view. "Until after the post-mortem examination has been made we cannot say what was the cause of death," said the courteous superintendent.

It is still possible that zebra rides will be a popular feature at the Zoo this year. Besides "Jess," the remaining zebra that is partly broken, there are two others in the Gardens, and the management, undismayed by the death of one zebra, hope to be able to have a pair ready for riding in the summer.

INVISIBLE CONGREGATIONS.

Sermons by Electrophone for Homebound Christians.

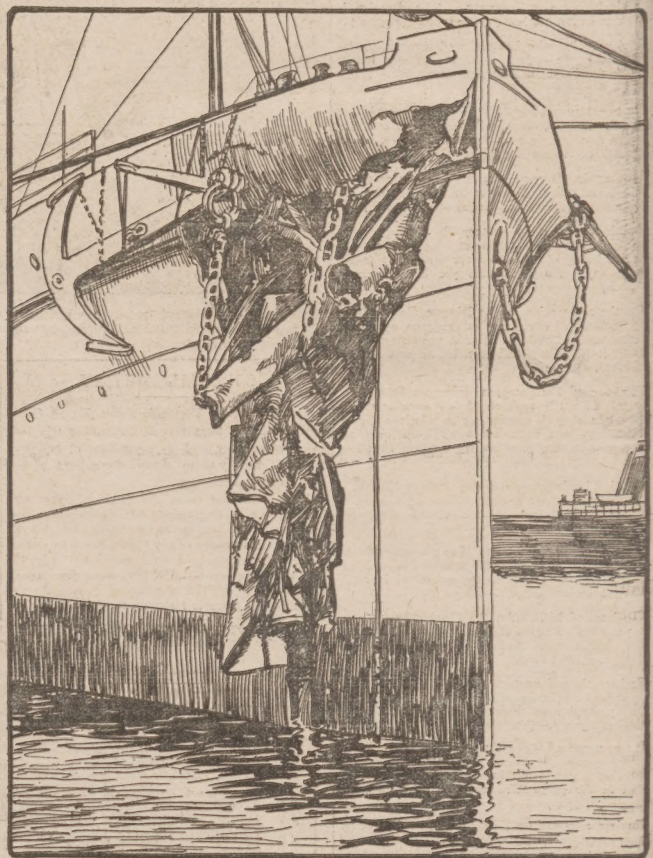
Methodists at Ashington are not behindhand in taking full advantage of the march of science. One of their number is, through illness, prevented from attending service at the chapel, so the sermon is by means of the electrophone brought to his bedside.

Many London churches where the pews are sometimes but sparsely filled, have large and regular electrophone congregations of invalids unable to attend the services. One poor girl who, for twelve years, has not left her bed, each Sunday hears the service of the Highbury-quadrant Congregational Chapel.

A lady of title, well-known for her philanthropy, has recently paid for the electrophone to be installed over each of the beds in the incurable cancer ward at the Middlesex Hospital. Thus the poor sufferers often form an invisible quota of the congregation at one of the metropolitan churches. On weekdays they are cheered by hearing the music of the theatres and concerts.

A drawing from a photograph, which is published to-day, shows the unobtrusive way in which the

HOW THE ASSAYE SUFFERED.



The hawspeire of the Assaye is seen hanging by the chain, and a piece of the bowsprit of the New York is sticking in between the plates. It will also be noticed that the rent in the bow does not extend to the top.

FROM AN EYE-WITNESS.

Two interesting pictures appear on this page of the collision between the steamships New York and Assaye, which occurred off Southampton on Sunday. These drawings are made from photographs supplied to us in response to the *Mirror's* invitation for photographs and sketches by eye-witnesses. The sender, Mr. F. JAGGARD, of Oxford House, Derby-road, Southampton, will receive £1 ls. from the *Mirror*. He is only one of many who have responded to our invitation.

In the pictures the bowsprit of the New York can be seen sticking into the bow of the Assaye, while at the stem of the former may be noticed the diver's boat. The diver himself has just gone below the surface.

electrophone is introduced into churches. The little instrument is made up in the form and shape of a Bible, and therefore in no way distracts the attention of the congregation.

The manager of the Electrophone Company told a representative of the *Mirror* that he hoped it would soon be possible for people sitting comfortably at home in the London suburbs to be switched



The latest use of the electrophone is that of enabling invalids to receive spiritual consolation through the electric medium. In this enterprise the Methodists of Ashington lead the way by enabling a sick member to listen to a sermon in his bed.

on to the entertainments of Paris, and for Parisians to enjoy the music being rendered in London. He thought that the appreciation of each other's pleasures thus made possible would augment the good feeling already existing between the peoples of the two great capital cities.

DETECTIVES AND DIVORCE—SKETCH IN COURT YESTERDAY.



For days the public have followed with growing interest the proceedings in Sir Francis Jeune's Court, where the King's Proctor has intervened in the Plymouth divorce case to prevent the "decree nisi," granted to Mrs. Pollard, being made absolute. Slater's Detective Agency, in the City, has taken a conspicuous part in preparing a case against the respondent. Several former detectives in this agency have given remarkable evidence in support of the contention that a plot was conceived to enable the wife to win her petition. The array of K.C.s engaged includes the Solicitor-General, for the King's Proctor, and Sir Edward Clarke, for the petitioner. Mrs. Pollard has been a daily attender.

PLAGUE-STRICKEN RAND.

Visitation Which May Moderate Enthusiasm for Chinese Labour.

It is suggested that the outbreak of plague on the Rand has a very important bearing on the Chinese labour question, as in dealing with it the tendency will be to diminish the importation of Asiatics, and thus lessen the risks of infection.

In Johannesburg forty-five cases of plague among the coloured population have been registered, and seven amongst the Europeans.

Thirty-seven natives have died, but only one European.

This terrible mortality is attributed to the conditions prevailing in the quarter where the epidemic originated, a very insanitary district. Infection is supposed to have been imported from the coast.

Rush to Leave the Town.

It is expected that the Transvaal Government will ask the maritime colonies to reintroduce a system adopted during a previous epidemic, whereby persons travelling inland were medically inspected.

The natives are now confined to their compounds. Next week the true aspect of the plague will be revealed, for the critical period will then be reached. At present it is impossible to state the extent of the infection.

Although a special plague board has been appointed, Europeans are rapidly leaving Johannesburg, but natives and Indians are now forbidden to leave the town by rail.

How far the outbreak will affect the Chinese labour question is shown by the history of the plague. Although it has for the last 200 years been looked on as an Eastern disease, it has been of late emerging to take its place among the epidemic diseases of the West.

It is suggested that the increase of travel from east to west is responsible for this. Several plague centres are recognised in Asia and Africa, including that recently discovered by Dr. Koch, in German East Africa.

Rapid and Deadly.

South Africa also is included in a list compiled by Dr. Payne of places which have had plague each year.

The plague outbreak in Johannesburg is said to be of the malignant pneumonic nature, and this is undoubtedly a specific infectious fever. It is particularly rapid and dangerous in its spread, for it is said to infect through the air passages.

The earliest cases in any outbreak are scarcely ever identified as plague, for unless plague is prevalent diagnosis is especially difficult.

The most recent experiences of plague have shown that with good local conditions it can be eradicated by vigilant measures. Whether it could be possible to obtain good local conditions under a system of imported Chinese labour in Africa is a serious question.

BLUSHING STONES.

Jewellers are Sceptical as to the Existence of Mineral Chameleons.

Seekers after novelty hailed the alleged arrival of a stone which changed colour in the dark with delight, and forthwith jewellers' shops were inundated with applications to see the stone. A *Mirror* representative, visiting many leading jewellers' establishments in the West End yesterday, could elicit but little information.

In most cases the substance known as sodalite had never been heard of, and the statement that it changed from pink to white in the dark was received with derisive smiles.

"You must be thinking of the Alexandrite stone, which in the daytime is a brilliant green and changes to ruby-red at night," said the head of one big firm. The Alexandrite is very rare and precious, and consequently very valuable.

This information did not satisfy the *Mirror* representative, who betook himself to the Natural History Museum, and there discovered several specimens of sodalite, which is a composition of salicite and chloride of sodium and aluminium.

The specimens in the museum include a slab of deep-blue stone, which comes from Maine, U.S.A., as well as several different sorts from Mount Vesuvius, including the colourless one, which is supposed to blush in the dark. The authorities, however, knew nothing of this peculiarity.

MAJOR SEELY RESIGNS.

Our Only Lifeboatman M.P. Who Owed His Seat to His Wife.

Major Seely has resigned the representation of the Isle of Wight, a seat that was won for him by his wife while he was serving in South Africa.

He was put up as a Unionist to oppose Mr. Baring, a kinsman, and Mrs. Seely sent a personal letter to each of the electors, asking for their votes for her husband, saying:

"I know how very much he would appreciate the honour of being selected by his friends and neighbours as member for the Isle of Wight, and you will realise how anxious I am for his success."

Her other efforts in the constituency proved brilliantly successful, and Major Seely doubled the majority secured at the preceding contest.

Major Seely, who was howled down by Ministerialists in the House on Monday, has resigned on the Chinese labour question, and will stand as a free trade candidate.

He has the distinction of being the only lifeboatman in Parliament, being an enthusiastic member of the Isle of Wight crew. He once swam from the lifeboat with a line to a sinking French vessel, and was afterwards thanked by the French Government.

MURDER OF A SWEETHEART.

Petty Cause of a Lover's Terrible Crime.

"I think the best thing I can do is to put a bullet through Alice, and myself too."

These words, spoken to his sister-in-law by a young Northampton carpenter, named Samuel Rowledge, were not taken seriously. But a few hours' after, he had fired a revolver three times at his sweetheart, Alice Foster, inflicting wounds of which each was sufficient to cause instantaneous death.

Rowledge, who was committed for trial by the Northampton magistrates, yesterday, was also charged with attempting to shoot his brother, Alfred. He betrayed much nervous agitation and appeared to feel his position acutely.

Mrs. Rowledge (prisoner's sister-in-law) said that a few hours before the murder he called upon her and told her he was worried. He would not tell her his trouble, but as he was leaving he spoke the words given above.

Very Nearly Two Victims.

The evidence showed that prisoner sold his watch and a coat to get his revolver out of pawn.

Alfred Rowledge, the brother, who so narrowly escaped, stated that on the night of the murder he called to see if prisoner had done some work for him. Finding he had not started on it, he remonstrated with him, and Miss Foster, who was present, said, "Oh, what deception; he told me he had been working all day."

Prisoner then muttered to himself, ran upstairs, returned with the revolver, and pointed it at witness, who fled from the house. As he was escaping he heard three shots.

When the police arrived they found Rowledge kneeling by the dead girl. When his brother accused him of trying to shoot him, he said, "You liar," and, pointing to the corpse, added, "she has had three bullets and there are three left in the revolver, so how could I have shot at you?"

ANOTHER ANARCHIST BOMB.

Another attempt to destroy life and property has been made by Belgian Anarchists.

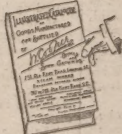
While a magistrate's clerk, named M. Lacane, was entering the house of M. Léon Binet, Commissary of Police at Liège, he saw a small box lying on a window on the ground floor.

Reuter adds that a little bottle, filled with a liquid, was on top of the box, and M. Lacane threw the bottle to the ground, where it broke. Its contents ran out, smoking and seething.

Upon the Public Prosecutor and the Chief of Police being summoned, they declared the box to be an infernal machine almost identical with the one which exploded at the latter's house on Friday last.

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YESTERDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

FARTHING ONCE AGAIN.

Another Fashionable Verdict in a Breach of Promise Case.

In laying before Mr. Justice Darling and a common jury in the King's Bench Division, yesterday, the story of how Mr. Samuel Skinner, a Chadwell basket manufacturer, sixty-four years of age, had failed to keep his promise to marry Miss Florence Silvester, a cook, living in Islington, who is thirty-six years younger than Mr. Skinner, counsel stated that it was a breach of promise case without love letters, poetry, or presents, but, as usual, there was another woman in it.

He might have added, could the amount of damages subsequently awarded to Miss Silvester have been foreseen, that in one other respect the action resembled many other cases of the kind, for the jury, after hearing the evidence, decided to grant the plaintiff the sum of one farthing.

Plaintiff and defendant had been next-door neighbours, and the acquaintanceship which they formed was consummated by Mr. Skinner proposing marriage. But afterwards he refused to admit that he had made any promise of marriage. In her evidence, Miss Silvester said that at times Mr. Skinner drank very heavily, but not when he visited her.

Owing to illness the defendant could not appear, but in his evidence, which had been taken on commission, he denied that he had ever promised to marry Miss Silvester.

Mr. Justice Darling in summing up said if the jury believed the promise was made, they should give the plaintiff such damages as she was entitled to for not being the wife of a very drunken old man.

After the jury had arrived at their farthing verdict, his Lordship refused an application to allow the plaintiff her costs.

The following, it may be interesting to recall, are recent cases in which juries have awarded one farthing as damages:—

Miss Marie Corelli's libel action.

Croydon kissing.

Kensington boarding-house breach of promise case.

Indian scholar's trespass action.

Birmingham widow's breach of promise case.

AFTER THE DERBY WINNER.

Sweepstakes to Which £8,296 Was Contributed.

Mr. R. D. Muir, appearing in a prosecution instituted by the police which came before the Bow-street Police Court magistrate yesterday, made some serious allegations in respect of a big sweepstake. The defendants were Victor Jackson, a turf accountant, of Schevening, Holland, Harold Parker, High Holborn, and Charles Edward Moss, stock dealer's manager, Stoke Newington. They were charged with fraudulently obtaining money from various persons by means of a sweepstake on the 1903 Derby.

Circulars were issued, said counsel, inviting the public to purchase 2s. tickets for prizes, the first of which was £2,000, the second £700, and the third £500. £8,296 was subscribed to the sweepstake, the draw for which was to take place in Holland. It was added that the draw would take place under the supervision of a representative committee. A number of glowing Press opinions were enclosed, and these, said Mr. Muir, were all the pure imagination of Parker. The system employed resembled counsel of that known as the "Perfection system of investment," which ended at the Old Bailey with five years' penal servitude.

A result-sheet had been published, showing that the total amount subscribed to the sweepstake was £8,296. There was reason to believe that the figure was accurate. Deducting £889 for commission, that left £7,407, which, it was claimed, was apportioned as follows:—First prize, £2,961; second, £1,045; and third, £440. The balance was distributed as consolation gifts to the holders of every 250th ticket.

The manuscript for that result-sheet was handed in to the printers by Parker at eight o'clock on the morning of May 25, which was claimed as the last day for sending in subscriptions to Holland, and which was the day on which the draw was to take place. Even if the tickets were drawn at the rate of thirty a minute—an obviously impossible feat—it would have taken forty-eight hours continuous work to complete the task.

Mr. Muir having explained that Moss only took a minor part in the business, evidence was called with respect to advertisements drawn up and published.

Accused were remanded, Moss being allowed bail.

SUICIDE'S HAUNTING VISIONS.

Worried by business troubles, Robert Bishop, fifty-eight, a well-known Windsor builder, committed suicide at his lodgings in Paddington by taking poison. He had told his son he would never face the Bankruptcy Court, having speculated unsuccessfully in buying and selling property. To his wife he sent the following letter, read at the inquest, and held at Paddington last evening.

My dear Jenny and children.—If this gets into your hands you will know that my troubles are over. Now goodbye and forgive me for all the trouble caused. I see your faces once after another all day and night. I owe the lodging about 10s. I have one copper left.—Your unhappy father.

Suicide whilst temporarily insane was the verdict.

Mr. Justice Channell yesterday entered judgment for £225, with interest from the date of the writ at the rate of per cent., in favour of the lady money-lender, Mrs. Levene, against Mr. Greenwood, an Aldershot contractor, in respect of a promissory note. Plaintiff claimed that £345 was owing.

MORE DIVORCE REVELATIONS.

The Sensational Pollard Case Reaches Its Second Stage—Sir Edward Clarke Replies to the Allegations.

The Pollard case reached its half-way mark yesterday. The case for the King's Proctor was concluded and the case in support of Mrs. Pollard's divorce—or rather in support of the reputation and good name of her solicitor, Mr. Albert Osborn, and of Slater's Detective Agency—was opened.

In presenting this case to the jury Sir Edward Clarke made one of the fighting speeches for which he is famous, and members of the Bar came hurrying from all parts of the Law Courts to endeavour to find standing room in the President's Court when the news went round that the elder of the two famous Sir Edwards engaged in the case was on his legs.

But before Sir Edward Clarke's eloquence could be poured forth the other Sir Edward, Sir Edward Carson, the Solicitor-General, had to put the finishing touches to the King's Proctor's case. In order to do this he called two other "men from Slater's," and Mrs. Pollard, the mother of the man whose story has set so many interests by the ears.

The first of the "Slater's men" was an ex-sergeant of the Metropolitan Police named Fielding, who, after twenty-five years' service in the employ of the public, joined the private detective agency in 1895.

Mr. Fielding's reminiscences of the Pollard case proved to be very similar to those of the other men from Slater's who had given evidence. He remembered hearing Mr. Henry say with regard to the reports of the detective Davies from Jersey, "They must not see daylight." He also recollected hearing Mr. Osborn and Mr. Henry discuss the case on the landing outside his office. Mr. Osborn then offered to go and see what he could do with it himself.

"I wish you would, Albert," replied Mr. Henry, who always called Mr. Osborn by his Christian name.

Mr. Knowles.

By far the most interesting episode in Mr. Fielding's story took place when, after declaring that he remembered visits by Mr. Knowles, "the client," to Slater's, he was asked to identify that gentleman in court. He then pointed to a broadly-built young man who was sitting at the solicitors' table on Mr. Osborn's left. Everybody scrutinised Mr. Knowles curiously, and took full stock of his carefully-trimmed moustache, of his well-nourished face and frame, and of his "pince nez."

Thomas Craig, the second "Slater's man," whose services are now engaged by another private



Mrs. Pollard (sen.), who is the aged mother of the respondent in the "detective-divorce case." She was the last witness called by the counsel for the King's Proctor.

[Sketches in court by a "Mirror" artist.]

inquiry agency, amused the court by asserting that while at Slater's it was his habit to sign any reports and statements for a pecuniary consideration.

Mrs. Pollard did not add much that was edifying to what had already been said. She gave the court a character sketch of her son, not disguising his weaknesses. He sometimes took too much to drink, she said, and he had threatened her. Still, as far as his wife was concerned, she had received no complaints about him.

As a comment on Mrs. Pollard's evidence, Sir Edward Clarke read extracts from some of her letters to her daughter-in-law. These extracts ran:

He is not truthful, and I am not going to be hampered with him any longer. He has made the acquaintance of those that do him no good.

Tom called me every refuse name and stood over me as if he was going to strike me.

He says I am a lunatic and ought to be locked up, but I tell him he is most likely to be locked up.

Old Mrs. Pollard's evidence brought the King's Proctor's case to a close.

Sir Edward Clarke in Fighting Form.

In the clear, ringing, unhesitating tones of one who is convinced that he is pleading a just cause, Sir Edward Clarke then declared that he hoped to show that the divorce of 1902 was properly and truly obtained, and that there was no reason to suppose that the evidence was given from any wrong motive.

The case was one of the gravest character, he continued, because it affected a professional man, Mr. Osborn. It was alleged against Mr. Osborn that he, by arrangement with Slater's Detective Agency, was a party to inducing Mr. Pollard to commit adultery. It was a clear and distinct accusation, which he, Sir Edward, trusted

that he would be able to prove had no truth whatever. If there was a conspiracy it was on the part of the discharged detectives of Slater's to destroy that agency.

At the conclusion of his speech Sir Edward Clarke said that he intended to call Mr. Henry Slater, who would tell them that at the important time he was away in Australia, and Mr. Osborn, who would deny that Davies told him anything about the Jersey incident.

Mr. Osborn in the Box.

Mr. Osborn then took up his position in the witness-box, where he surveyed the court from behind a little semi-circle of documents that he spread on the ledge in front of him.

He is a man of great composure and deliberation of manner, and he answered Mr. Bagnall Deane's questions in the same tone that one would imagine he used to his clients in his own office.

He is the senior partner, he said, in the firm of Osborn and Osborn. It was six or seven years



MISS SILVESTER is the latest heroine of "farting damages" in breach of promise cases. This moral consolation was meted out to her yesterday by Mr. Justice Darling.

[Sketches in court by a "Mirror" artist.]

ago that he first had business with Slater's, but he was not acting as solicitor for them.

In 1902 he was telephoned for by Slater's, and on seeing Mr. Henry, he was informed about the desire of a Mr. Knowles to have a man in Plymouth watched. Slater's, said Mr. Henry, had not been able to get the information they wanted because certain women were unwilling to tell what they knew. If a solicitor approached them it might be different.

On this Mr. Osborn agreed to go to Plymouth for a fee of twenty-five guineas a day.

Mr. Osborn then described his first interview with Maud Goodman. When shown Mr. Pollard's photograph she smiled and said she would not give any man away.

His Interview With Mr. Pollard.

With regard to the interview between himself and Mr. Pollard at the Grand Hotel, Mr. Osborn gave a somewhat different version from that of the latter. He, Mr. Osborn, communicated with Pollard in order to warn him about his future conduct towards the younger Mr. Pollard. Nothing was mentioned about a divorce, and after a chat about Pollard's experiences in the East they parted on friendly terms.

At the end of the afternoon Mr. Osborn was asked about various phrases, such as "The Captain and I must find another way." "That fellow Pollard is too straight for me," etc., which had been attributed to him by witnesses for the King's Proctor. These remarks he declared he had never made, or in fact that he had said anything of the sort.

The case was adjourned until to-day, when it is expected that "the other Sir Edward" will have questions of equal interest to put to Mr. Osborn.

[Sketches of the proceedings yesterday, drawn by a "Mirror" artist in court, appear on page 5.]

WEST END DOCTOR CHARGED.

Dr. Frederick John Hicks, fifty-two years of age, who has been in practice for twenty-five years, and has latterly resided in St. James's Court, Buckingham Gate, was in company with Frederick Charles Davies, a clerk, brought before the Marylebone magistrate yesterday on a charge of being concerned in performing an illegal operation upon the latter's wife.

Detective-Inspector Kane, who conducted the case in the absence of the Solicitor to the Treasury, stated that both prisoners were associated with the Drouet Institute. The magistrate, remarking that he was not concerned with that, remanded the accused and allowed bail.

FIANCEE'S TROUSSEAU BILL.

Major's Broken Pledge Cost Him £1,350.

Bayswater sued Grosvenor-square in the Lord Chief Justice's Court yesterday for breach of promise of marriage.

The story told was not nearly so affecting as some recent breach of promise romances have been. To put the matter bluntly the reason why Major Dudley Richard Aphorpe refused to carry out his promise to marry Sydney Georgina Annette Scrope Ferrers was that he was unwilling to pay the young lady's bills.

The major now lives at 72, Park-street, Grosvenor-square, and Miss Ferrers resides at 44, Leamington-road, Villes, Bayswater, but seven years ago they were staying at Sunningdale and Sonning respectively. The major was then on furlough, having left his regiment, the 19th Hussars, in India, and Miss Ferrers was living with her mother, who is the widow of a barrister.

Carte Blanche for the Trousseau.

They met at Sunningdale, and the foundations of the rising romance were laid.

The major had to go back to India, while Miss Ferrers, who was twenty-four years of age, remained at Sunningdale.

She did not see the major again until he retired, and returned home last year. Then their acquaintance was renewed at Henley. There were walks together, a declaration of love, and a proposal of marriage, which was accepted.

But alas! trouble sprang up in the shape of bills. Miss Ferrers had frankly told the major that her financial circumstances were not of the most flourishing kind; in fact, that she had pawned her rings. These rings the major consented to take out of pawn, and he also told her to order her trousseau as a wedding present from him. The bills were to be sent to him, he said.

The bills amounted to £107, which, when they were sent in, the major ungallantly thought very excessive.

Distasteful Request.

In the meantime, Miss Ferrers had written a charming little note to the major asking him "to be a dear" and send her a cheque for £3. The major's answer to the request was a letter breaking off the engagement!

Addressing her as "Dear Miss Ferrers," instead of "Dear Lyd," he said that he would take the opportunity of telling her how distasteful it was to him that she had ever asked him for money at all. He had never heard of a woman asking the man she was engaged to for money to go away from him. (She had borrowed £5 of him to pay the expenses of a visit to Cambridge.) If she had been fond of him she would not have wanted to go away.

Under these circumstances the engagement must come to an end.

The major did not say what he thought of the jury's bill for damages, which amounted to £1,350.

BUDDING ACTRESSES.

Grave Allegations in Connection with a Theatrical Agency.

Serious charges were made at the South-Western Police Court yesterday against a young man, named Albert Charles McCarthy, in connection with the conduct of a theatrical agency. The defendant, who was described as an engineer, and gave an address in Kenmuir-road, Tooting, is accused of having assaulted a Brixton girl.

The police have intimated that the case may develop into one of an unusual character. In asking for a remand yesterday Detective-Inspector Allan stated that complaints had been received from all parts of London and the provinces, and he wished for an adjournment in order that the Treasury might take up the prosecution.

The complaint in the case before the magistrate, and other girls desirous of entering the theatrical profession, had answered the following newspaper advertisement:—

WANTED three young ladies (beginners) for a music-hall sketch; no premium; salary given.

In the case under consideration the girl negotiated with the advertiser, and interviewed McCarthy at Bedford-road, Clapham, where he rented a small room as an office. He represented himself, it was alleged, to be a well-known music-hall artist. The police assert that in interviewing girls who applied he made improper proposals on the strength of engaging them at a weekly salary, and committed the offence complained of.

McCarthy, who denied the charges, asserting that they were made because the girl was disappointed at not obtaining an engagement, was remanded, the magistrate fixing bail at £200.

COUNT TOLSTOY'S THIRST FOR NEWS.

Count Tolstoy (says Reuter) takes great interest in affairs in the Far East, and every day rides from his estate of Yasnaya-Polyana to the neighbouring railway station—seventeen and a half miles there and back—to fetch his mail.

Besides this, Count Tolstoy regularly goes for long walks, and reads and writes a good deal, without exhibiting any signs of fatigue.

The Loss of the Al Submarine. Oxford and Cambridge Boatrace. The late Duke of Cambridge.

SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS IN

"ILLUSTRATED MAIL,"

WITH THE WEEK'S NEWS IN PICTURES.

One Penny Everywhere.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-DAY, at 3 and 9.
JOSEPH ENTANGLED. By Henry Arthur Jones.
 Presented at 2.20 and 4.20, by THE WIDOW WOOD.
 MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.20.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
 Proprietor and Manager, Mr. TREE.
 TO-DAY, at 2.15, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
 By David Belasco and John Luther Long.
 MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.
 Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL THEATRE, WESTMINSTER.
 TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING at 9.
 MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT at 3.
 Mr. LEWIS WALLER.
A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.
 By Sydney Grundy.
 At 8.15 A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.
 NOTICE—This Theatre will be CLOSED from MONDAY, March 22, to SATURDAY, April 2 (HOLY WEEK), RE-OPENING on EASTER MONDAY, April 4, with A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.

ST. JAMES'S.—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER
 Will appear TO-NIGHT, at 8.20, in
OLD HEIDELBERG (226th time).
 (for a limited number of performances).
 MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, and WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.15.—ST. JAMES'S.

STRAND THEATRE. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. FRANK GURZEN.
A CHINESE HOPEY-MOON (8 o'clock). By George Dance. Music by Howard Talbot.
 MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.

THE OXFORD. — HACKENSCHMIDT,
 World's Champion Wrestler. **LITTLE TICH.** Ada Carle, Norma French, MIKE S. WILLEN, Howard and St. Clair, MARK MELFORD, Sisters Jonghmann, BROS. ROBERT, and other stars.—Open 7.30. SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30. Manager—Mr. ALBERT GUMBER.

PERSONAL.

WANTED to purchase, volumes of the "Weekly Dispatch," for each year from 1891 to 1919 inclusive, and for the years 1825 and '26, and 1869, 70, and 71.—Address M. "Daily Mail" Office, Carmelite House, E.C.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* are—
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 TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.
 The West End Offices of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* are—
 45 and 46, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.
 TELEPHONE: 1598 GERRARD.
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 PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

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 Remittances should be crossed "Barclay and Co." and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.

The Daily Illustrated Mirror.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1904.

GUARANTEED DAILY CIRCULATION EXCEEDS 145,000 COPIES.

EVERYONE'S ENEMY.

"If the things that really matter to us were given their proper importance, yesterday's annual meeting of the Coal Smoke Abatement Society would have columns devoted to it in every newspaper in the land. For this question of cleaning the atmosphere is one which affects every single man, woman, and child in the country. Compared with it the other subjects which are attracting public attention at present are of no moment. Yet just because it affects the everyday life of everyone of us—just because the evil of coal smoke has been tolerated so long—the annual meeting of the society which wants to give us purer air to breathe and more sunshine, and therefore more life (both in the sense of a longer span of years and more enjoyment of them), is allowed to pass almost unnoticed.

Fortunately this past winter (we hope it has passed!) has afflicted us with fewer horribly black-yellow fogs of the "London particular" variety than usual. But all cities and all towns, and even all collections of houses, however small, suffer to a greater or less extent from the pollution of the atmosphere by smoke. It coats everything with dirt. It lessens the value of clothes and furniture, as well as of throats and lungs. It turns the gaiety of the open air into gloom. It runs up our gas and electric light bills. It is in every conceivable way a nuisance and an outrage and a disaster. And yet we let it go on!

"If Sir William Richmond, R.A., who is the moving spirit of the society, can wake us up out of our apathy and lead us into a healthier, cleaner, more enjoyable atmosphere, he will be one of the great modern benefactors to the human race. It is no impossible task to try and lessen the evil. Some means will be found if people are only in earnest in demanding a remedy. There are already in existence stoves which consume their own smoke, and if it were enacted that after a certain period it would be an offence to pollute the air, contrivances of this nature would soon come into general use. We are gradually

BREACH-OF-PROMISE CASES CHILL MODERN COURTSHIP.



Recent verdicts giving damages to forsaken maidens have caused a panic among young men who while paying attentions have one eye upon the object of their affections and the other casting about them to see if anyone is collecting evidence to be used in subsequent proceedings. The suspicion appears to be justified that the relatives of engaged couples nowadays make notes of facts that will make an impression upon the jury when recounted from the witness-box.

stopping the pollution of rivers. How long will it be before we apply the same principle to the element which is even more important to us than water?

CLUB OR TRADE UNION?

Up to the present the Stock Exchange has been little more than a large club. The number of members has not been limited, candidates for membership have got themselves elected without much difficulty, and the rules have been few. But now that there is so little business doing in the City members find that there is not enough to go round. It has, therefore, been proposed that the Stock Exchange shall be made more like a Trade Union, and yesterday the representatives of those who favour such a change were announced to have carried all before them at the annual committee election.

We can well believe that the Stock Exchange needs reforming. All old institutions do. If they are not reformed from time to time they either die or become public nuisances. But whether limiting the membership and demanding from new members evidence of the possession of large means will do the present members much good we take leave to doubt. It will, on the contrary, pretty certainly have the effect of swelling the ranks of "outside brokers"—that is, brokers who do not belong to the Stock Exchange, and are therefore able to advertise. And it is the "outside broker" who is the "authorised" broker's most formidable rival to-day.

BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

An aged pauper has died in a London workhouse from the effects of over-eating. Cases of this kind are fortunately extremely rare.

Mr. Alexander's last production only ran from Thursday to Monday. He does not seem to expect so much of his next, since he announces its title as "Saturday to Monday."

The American papers announce the discovery of huge treasure hoard in Bolivia. Some say it is the treasure of the Incas; others think the printers' Incas are entirely responsible for it.

The Chinese Admiral Tsah—no relation of the great White Tsar—is at Chifu with the cruisers Hai Chi, Hai Ting, and Hai Chu. What has happened to the cruiser Hai Tee is not stated.

We like the persistence of the contractor appearing in the Bankruptcy Court yesterday who, after failing to carry through a scheme for making canals all through the Russian Empire at a cost of twenty-four millions, fell back upon a contract for a railway from Acton to Latimer-road! Unfortunately this failed

also. He should have consoled himself with an omnibus service, say, from Brixton to the Bank.

Some passive resisters summoned at Stratford drove to the court in their own carriages. The height of their ambition is to drive away in carriages provided for the purpose by his Majesty the King.

At a pig-sticking meet in the Nadia district fourteen men killed fifty-nine boars among them. This is a record, and as a consequence fourteen men have been made bores for the rest of their natural lives.

General Kuropatkin's charger is stated to be able to clear high obstacles with ease. As the General is likely to find himself up against some tall propositions before long this quality is likely to come in handy.

When the offertory at the New York Universalist Church ran short the pastor doctored 25 per cent. of the salary of the Heavenly Rest Choir. The rest that remained was not considered sufficient by the boys, who are now taking a rest on their own.

In a Parliamentary paper the Colonial Secretary states that since the close of the war Great Britain has spent £9,000,000 on the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies. In these hard times peace seems to be almost more of a luxury than the taxpayer can afford.

During the course of yesterday the news agencies published three or four different sets of figures concerning the result of the St. Stephen's Green election. Their political bias was evident from the fact that in each case the same candidate was represented as being at the head of the poll.

Mr. Frederick Gray seems to have made a comfortable income by promising to find work for applicants and appropriating the money which they deposited as security. At the Old Bailey Mr. Gray found work for eighteen months without applying for it or being called on to deposit anything.

Mr. Stead has been telling the Dutchmen in Cape Colony that he represents the Liberal Party in England. The man who can represent Lord Rosebery and "C.B.," Mr. Labouchere and "Imperial Perks" is something of a wonder. But Mr. Stead has been a standing wonder to most of us for a long time past.

It is to be feared that nervous tourists will be tempted to avoid Liège until the gentleman who makes a speciality of bomb explosions in the public thoroughfares is under lock and key. The Belgian town, however, may have attractions for those who feel that what they need is to be lifted completely out of themselves.

Amongst numerous garments and wrappings worn by a burglar convicted at Clerkenwell were two petticoats, a pair of curtains, and two cardigan jackets. The reason for this eccentric method of dressing was made manifest when he proceeded to fall off the roof of the house and bounce upon the pavement. Clothes may not make the man, but, at any rate, they prevent him from breaking.

PERILS OF COURTSHIP.

Girls Pose as Heroines in Breach of Promise Cases.

Breach of promise cases have become so alarmingly frequent of late that, despite the fashion that modern juries have acquired of returning farthing damages, it is a brave man who will allow himself to become entangled in the very mildest flirtation with a girl.

So scared have young men become of the leaning of the modern girl to giving publicity in the law courts to her little love affairs, that it is becoming more and more difficult to bring a young man to take the first step that may eventually lead to an engagement.

Marriages are decreasing, it is said. "There is nothing wonderful in this," a well-known lawyer remarked yesterday to a *Mirror* representative. "Considering the behaviour of the average young man of the present day, very often justified, I must admit, it is strange that there are any marriages at all.

Love-Letters "Without Prejudice."

"I know young men who will hardly dare to continue a conversation with girls to whom they have been introduced for fear some chance phrase may be seized on as a proposal of marriage."

"Then there are some who will not write a letter to a lady unless they head it 'without prejudice,' and even to girls with whom they are on the most friendly terms when they are in their company—calling them by their Christian name and so on—they will write in the coldest and most business-like fashion, signing their letters 'yours faithfully' or some similar cold and formal phrase. Indeed, sometimes they will not allow a specimen of their handwriting to get into a lady's hands. But can you wonder at this? It may seem an odd mania, but it saves all possibility of being confronted with one's letters in a law court by a lawyer who has a pretty wit and a happy knack of twisting simple phrases to mean the most ridiculous things."

"Charles Dickens was not far from the truth when he pointed out what a deadly weapon such an innocent phrase as 'chops and tomato sauce' is when it is skillfully used."

"Fishing" Actions.

"You say the young men are often justified," interrupted the *Mirror* representative.

"I think you would agree with me," replied the lawyer, "if you had had the curious experiences I have had. I have known girls who wished to bring breach of promise actions against men who had simply taken them once to a theatre or danced with them three or four times in an evening, and it is impossible to reason with them, or point out the absurdity of taking action on such grounds."

There are two things that may account for the desire of many girls to bring breach of promise cases. One is that juries, as a rule, are impressionable and inclined to award damages on any pretext to a pretty girl. The other is that the heroine of a breach of promise case is generally inundated with proposals of marriage."

SHIPPING MAGNATE'S MUNIFICENCE.

The Right Hon. W. J. Pirrie, head of the well-known shipbuilding firm of Harland and Wolff, has intimated his intention of paying the debt of several thousands of pounds which rests on the Belfast Royal Victoria Hospital, which was opened by the King in July.

Mr. Pirrie's benefactions to this institution already amount to over £12,000, while Mrs. Pirrie has collected nearly £70,000.

THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED

LAST SCENE AT SIR HENRY IRVING'S "LYCEUM."



The fate of the Lyceum Theatre is sealed. It is the decision of the directors to have it converted into a music-hall. But Sir Henry Irving opposes this dramatic change. The above picture shows the Thespian temple's present dilapidated interior. From a photograph taken yesterday.

Not firemen but workmen have done it.

[for the "Mirror,"

DESSERT FOR MIDAS.

In these days, when the seasons seem to have got inextricably mixed up, the sight of strawberries in the shop windows scarcely causes a start of surprise till one reads the label attached to each small

basket: "4s. a basket." Poor, pale berries they are, reared under glass, but desirable to the gourmand because they are beyond the reach of the general.

This desirability is shared by other fruits and vegetables just now. Asparagus, at 25s. the ribbon-

tyed bundle, lies side by side with plums from the Cape, queer semi-transparent things, at 6s. the basket. Bon Louis pears cost fully as much for a basket of four or five, and "Williams" from South Africa are almost as dear. Oranges are at their cheapest, the barrow merchant retailing fine

A CHARMING DUTCH PEASANT.



Miss Winifred Fraser, who wears Dutch peasant costume so charmingly in the curtain-raiser at Wyndham's Theatre (written by Mr. Maarten Maartens, the Dutch author who writes English), has long been a favourite with London audiences. She played for a long time with Mrs. Patrick Campbell's company.

(Photo—Johnston & Hoffmann.)

JAP CHILDREN READING WAR NEWS.



Exactly as happened in London during the Boer war, the custom in Tokio, the capital of Japan, to-day, is for the newspaper offices to post war news outside for passers-by to read. This picture shows a crowd of wondering children scanning one of these mural bulletins. They appear to be very much in earnest.

large ones for three a penny; but in Bond-street the golden fruit is sold in baskets at two, three, and four shillings a dozen. Green peas, hot-house French beans, and new potatoes are all to be had now by the long-pursed epicure, and even the humble apple exists for such,

CLEVER ACTRESS'S CLEVER SISTER.



Playgoers who flock nightly to the Lyric and sing the praises of the "Duchess of Dantzic," being staged at that popular house, have nothing but encomiums for the charming acting of beautiful Miss Adrienne Augarde, the younger sister of Miss Amy Augarde. (Photo—Lattie Charlett.)

in editions de luxe, each one of which is worth as much as half a bushel of the fruit bought by the average housewife.

PASSIVE RESISTERS' PARADE.

Conscientious objectors summoned before the Croydon magistrates yesterday included well-known Justices of the Peace and Nonconformist ministers. The defendants paraded the town on their way to the Town Hall, which was crowded. All the defendants were ordered to pay.

A curious coincidence lay in the fact that the day was being celebrated locally as "Founder's Day," in memory of Archbishop Whitgift, whose severity towards Nonconformists is still a sore point.

One defendant was called to order for referring to the defunct Primate as "the infamous Whitgift."

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THE TSAR'S "TOMMY ATKINS."



Every boy and girl in the Russian empire knows the famous Preobrazhensky Regiment, of whose deeds of valour the school books tell many thrilling tales. As a type of the Russian army the above picture speaks volumes for the sturdy fighting quality of the infantry. The steady gaze and firm-set mouth are noticeable. Altogether the face and physique might answer for one of our own "Tommies"—a Highlander or a Guardsman. There is nothing slovenly about the comfortable uniform for campaigning in a sub-zero temperature.

OLD-WORLD CRAZE.

The late Mr. C. H. T. Hawkins amassed during his life-time an almost incredible number of old French snuff-boxes, and the dispersal of the first

portion of his collection was begun yesterday afternoon at Christie's. Although four whole days of this week are being devoted to the sale, it cannot be looked upon as more than a sort of preliminary canter, as by far the greater and more

important portion of the collection is being held over till May, when many more days will be occupied in scattering its treasures. The first instalment yesterday realised just over £10,000, and the keenest bidding was attracted by an exquisite gold

box in the shape of a small casket which was presented by Louis XV. to the King of Naples. This fetched £650. Three other boxes realised over £400 apiece, and a miniature of a lady in male costume, attributed to Cosway, was sold for £360.

YOUNG TROUT FOR THE THAMES NEAR LONDON.



The hearts of Thames anglers will be made glad by this illustration, which marks the stocking of the Thames with trout, at Chertsey Weir. Great hopes are entertained for the experiment. Many believe that the Thames ought to recover its lost glory as a troutling stream, and that in the near future Londoners will cast the light fantastic lures athwart the stream as far down as Waterloo Bridge. Our illustration shows the apparatus in readiness for sending the troutlets into their natural element, there to thrive and make good sport for votaries of the gentle art.

[Photo—Embarkment, 129, Regent-st.]

ADELINA GENE, THE GENIUS OF "HIGH JINKS."



Few ballets have won greater popularity at the Empire than "High Jinks," in which Miss Adelina Genee is at present appearing. She dances exquisitely in riding habit and in long flowing diaphanous robes. The "Little Mary" dance is a charming feature. Miss Genee has a great idea which she would like to see realised. She thinks there should be regular trained male dancers in the homes of ballet, as better effect would thus be produced.

[Photo—Hans, 22, Bedford-street, Strand.]

ENGLAND'S GREATNESS FOUNDED ON TEA?

The secret of England's greatness is claimed by different people to be something in which they are particularly interested. Beef and beer have for long been celebrated in song as contributories to the national character, but it has remained for Mr. Densham, the chairman of the Mazawattee Tea Company, to suggest that our history has been

DANNY ON A TRUSS OF HAY.



The celebrated American jockey, Danny Maher, made his first mount of the season yesterday on "Cossack," and came home out of "place," but never out of temper. The Japs say it is very significant that even Danny Maher could not make a "Cossack" win.

made over the tea cups. He says Great Britain is what she is; not owing to good beef, but to good tea; he, however, omits an obvious reference as to where good tea can be obtained.

Copenhagen epicures have set the seal of their approval on a dish which was the novelty of a menu at an aristocratic dinner-table lately. The daring combination was bread roasted in goose dripping, served with fresh spring violets.

AT A MAN'S MERCY. By META SIMMINS.

Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

OSWALD DRUMMOND: A very rich connoisseur of precious stones, Cynthia's uncle, who has been mysteriously murdered.

MILES FARMILOE: A scoundrel who has gone through a mock marriage with Pauline years ago. He has been arrested on suspicion of murdering Drummond, but has escaped.

CYNTHIA GRAHAM: Just a pretty, lovable, English girl.

PAULINE WOODRUFFE: The beautiful wife of John Woodruffe. She fears her husband owing to her secret marriage with Miles Farmiloe.

SIR GEORGE GRAHAM: Father of Cynthia and Pauline Woodruffe.

JOHN WOODRUFFE: Husband of Pauline. A man who loves his wife because she is beautiful.

ARTHUR STANTON: A young man in love with Cynthia Graham.

FABIAN GRIEWOOD: The millionaire lover of Cynthia.

INSPECTOR WRIGHT: Detective interested in the Drummond murder case.

CHAPTER XXXII. On the Staircase.

The room was in darkness. With tremulous fingers she groped for the switch, and one soft pink-shaded light flashed into being. Her eyes searched the room anxiously for the man, and found him where he had flung himself full length on the low-cushioned lounge which flanked the fire. She went up to him with fear at her heart, lest, perhaps, he might have killed himself, and be a body of death from which she could not free herself. But the man was not dead—he was asleep. The shaded light, falling almost like a caress upon his upturned face, showed it, for all the disfiguring beard, as peaceful as a child's.

With a swift shudder of remembrance Pauline turned away. So he had looked in the old days, before she had learnt that the world was an iron world, and not a sugar one.

A phantom of the feeling which had touched Cynthia's heart in the Park touched Pauline's now. She had not the heart to wake him. After all, bad as he was, he was a human, hunted thing; let him sleep quietly while he may! It was only about half-past one, too early to attempt to steal through the house.

She sat down beside him to watch, with the intense distaste of a shipwrecked traveller, who watches by the corpse he cannot bury, for sheer fear lest the birds of prey should tear it to pieces before his eyes.

The hours passed; she heard three strike; perhaps she dozed herself, for the chiming of four came to her as the clarion of an alarm. She started up. If Farmiloe intended to escape he should be moving; after five someone in the house might conceivably be astir.

She looked down at him and wondered how to wake him, repugnance to touch him filled her, and she spoke his name softly. He started up with a gasping sound, and a look of fear in his eyes, the remembrance of which never left her. In a moment he saw his surroundings and recovered himself. "Eh, what? Is it time to go?" he said drowsily. "Four o'clock! What the mischief did you let me sleep so long for?"

"I did not know it was so late. I think I must have slept myself. But this is the best time, I believe, to make an attempt. It is too late for anyone to have sat up, and too early for them to have risen."

He stretched himself luxuriously, and shook himself like a dog. "The worthy John is a greater fool, then, than I took him for," he whispered. "He never came back?"

"No. There have been no sounds in the house. I wonder if it will be safe for you to go now."

"My kingdom for a smoke," he said, with a yawn. "Have you any cigarettes about? I think even some of that wine of yours would be better than nothing as a pick-me-up before I go."

Pauline went through to the bedroom for the wine. When she returned he was turning over the things on the writing-table, and had found her little gold cigarette case.

"May I?" He held it up.

"Keep it? Oh, yes. And the money—won't you want the money?"

His smile was tinged with a touch of shame. "I am afraid I shall," he said. "But don't let me rob you of it all. Five or six pounds will do."

She went over to the table and emptied her little case, coming back to him with the money in her hand. "It's not robbing me," she said, briefly. "I can get more. I wish for your sake I had it now. You should have it and welcome."

"You're not a bad sort, Pauline," he said, "not half a bad sort. Do you know why I wanted that little case? Not for its worth, but because it was something used by you. Sentimental, you perceive. Ah! sentiment is a fatal thing. There's always been a big streak of it in my nature, and it's led me into numberless unnecessary scrapes." He laid his hand on her shoulder. "It's to be good-bye this time, my dear," he said. "I can't say why, but I'd like you to know that I'm a bit sorry for the past, that I recognise various reasons in my moral delinquencies which must have been sorely distressing to my acquaintances. But I'm not a murderer, and—and I wouldn't like Cynthia to know that I lied to her; it might do her harm."

"Cynthia shall know nothing at all," said Pauline. "But oughtn't you to go now? Oh, don't delay."

"No, I suppose I must be getting," he buttoned up his coat. "I had a hat of sorts once," he said. "I suppose it's in that charitable cupboard of yours. Don't mind, I'll fetch it."

He went through the rooms, and Pauline stealthily and cautiously turned the key. The door as she opened it made hardly a sigh of sound, and outside was the stillness of the sleeping house. She glanced up and down; everything was quiet and as usual. With renewed hope she turned back into the room.

"Come on, Miles," she whispered. "Everything seems right now. Oughtn't I to come with you? Do you know how to unfasten the door?"

"Yes. I don't think there's been a door contrived that I couldn't open, from the inside at any rate," he said. "I think it would be silly for you to come with me. If anyone came upon us together we are lost—by myself I think I am equal to any questions which might be put to me."

"I could see if the coast was clear," Pauline demurred.

"Better not. Well, good-bye," He held out his hand to her. "Is it depart in peace?" he asked.

For an instant she hesitated, then clasped the hand he held outstretched. The next moment he was gone, and she stood alone in the dimly-lighted room.

Farmiloe crept softly along the darkened corridor. His footfall made practically no sound on the heavy carpet. On the distant staircase a faint glimmer of light still burned, and he was grateful for it, for he dreaded a false step which would bring the house about his ears.

As he reached the top of the staircase a figure, which for all these weary hours had kept unceasing vigil, rose and crept stealthily in his wake.

Half-way down the staircase was a broad landing forming what was almost a balcony, which overlooked the hall. Farmiloe paused and glanced over cautiously, for there was a light almost below him, a solitary torch held by a dancing girl. At that moment a hand descended heavily on his shoulder.

"May I ask what you want?" said a suave voice in his ear.

He started violently. The grip on his shoulder was like a vice, but with a dexterous twist—a twist which sent his accoster reeling against the banisters—Farmiloe wrenched himself free and ran rapidly down the stairs. The advantage of a minute was all he needed, once at the front door safety was in his grasp.

As he reached the last step the sharp crack of a revolver rang loudly through the house. Farmiloe was conscious of a sudden, swift, red-hot stab of

pain between his shoulder-blades, a wall of blackness seemed to rise up against him. He struggled for breath against a flood of mawkish warmth, and gasping, flung out his arms, staggered forward, and fell heavily.

A very lifetime of thought flashed across him in that second, and the dominant note of it all was that he was dying, dying like a rat in a trap, by the hands of Pauline's husband, and in the moment of his triumph. The ignominy of it—the ignominy of it! Hatred, black and cold, flooded over him; hatred of the fate which had played him so scurvy a trick, hatred of the woman whose life he had ruined, of the man who had been so swift to avenge what he conceived a stain upon his honour.

Woodruffe bent over the prostrate man and raised him. A horror of the thing he had done possessed him. It seemed as though the baptism of the blood which gushed from the wounded man's mouth had cleansed all his madness of jealousy and suspicion from him.

"My God! What have I done?" he cried.

"Murder," gasped Farmiloe, "most foul murder." With feeble, groping hands he tore at the disguising beard, now drenched with blood, and pulled it off, but Woodruffe was too distracted to recognise him even then. He rolled some of the rugs, rapidly making an impromptu pillow beneath the wounded man's head, and rushing to the gong beat on it a frenzied summons. Hurrying back across the hall, some instinct made him glance upward, and there, peering over the banister, with wild eyes which blazed in a face more white than the garment she wore, was Pauline.

The sight brought back his anger and jealousy with a rush. He held up a warning hand. "Go back," he said, sternly, "go back; this is no place for you."

The man on the floor, dying as he was, smiled; he knew without sight to whom the warning was cried. Contemptuous hatred looked out of his eyes, dominating even the pain in them, as Woodruffe bent over him again.

"Who are you, and what was your business here?" he asked, sternly.

The man gave no answer.

Woodruffe repeated his question, torn between his jealous anguish and pity at the man's condition. He made a feeble effort to stem the blood at the man's mouth, but Farmiloe's hands beat faintly, warding him away.

"What were you doing in my wife's room?" asked Woodruffe, insistently.

"Your wife!" The exclamation was redolent of irony, in spite of the effort with which it was delivered.

"What do you know of my wife? Speak!" Woodruffe's hands clenched as though to keep themselves from doing further damage to this victim of his violence.

"More than you do, perhaps." The words came at long intervals, punctuated with distressing, re-

volted gasps. "I ought to, considering—considering—" Farmiloe's eyes closed. The world was becoming very dark; even malice seemed hardly able to sustain his strength.

Woodruffe was pitiless. He would have seen his best friend die in torture if thereby he could have learnt the truth. "Considering what?" he demanded.

"That I knew her first—" The heavy lids opened, and the glazing eyes looked evilly at him. "She was my wife."

"Your wife?" cried Woodruffe, hoarsely. "Yes, or ought to have been. That's nearer the truth," came the laboured answer.

For a moment Woodruffe stared at him in speechless horror. This revelation was so infinitely more terrible than anything his worst suspicions had ever leaped to. For a fraction of time, perhaps, the full significance failed to reach him. Then he turned on the man with a bitter curse. "You lie!" he cried. "You damned scoundrel, you lie!"

In his madness and pain it is hard to say what the wretched man might not have done had not the butler at that moment come hurrying across the hall, followed by one or two of the men-servants. A doctor was sent for instantly, but Miles Farmiloe was beyond the human answer.

With the sudden, miraculous effort of the dying, he raised himself on his elbow. "Paul—" he gasped, hideously, "Paul—" and fell back dead.

The spirit had been willing, but the flesh too weak, to carry out his vengeance. Only one person present understood—Pauline's husband.

CHAPTER XXXIII. The Truth at Last.

The inspector looked at Woodruffe keenly. "It's a terrible ending to a terrible story, sir," he said, "if it is the ending; but one never knows."

"One never knows," repeated Woodruffe mechanically. He fingered the papers on the table by which he stood with absent movements.

"It's an extraordinary thing that he should have come here, of all places in London," continued the other, "extraordinary! Of course one can't say; he may have had a good reason, or it may have been sheer crankiness. When a man's hunted he hasn't got the instincts of the lower animals. He does the maddest things."

"Yes," repeated Woodruffe.

"There's not much more to be done to-night, or, rather, this morning, sir. I don't think I'd better keep you any longer." The inspector paused as if expecting comment, and, hearing none, moved towards the door. Woodruffe, with the instinct of ingrained courtesy, moved with him towards it, holding it open for him to pass out, returning the man's good-morning with a similar greeting.

The door closed behind the man, and Woodruffe was alone. He went across the room and sat down, resting his head on his hands, trying to think. Pauline a dishonoured woman! Pauline a cheat! A creature whose every action and word for years as his wife had been a lie; from the day he had first spoken of love to her, in the old Sussex garden, to the day she had perjured herself before God's altar. False! False!

His wounded mind went back rapidly to the scene that morning, when, another Delilah, she had thrown herself into his arms, and with lips perhaps still warm from this other man's kisses, striven to hush him to a false security.

The thought racked him with a fierce pain. He groaned at the degradation of it. The awfulness of desolation enveloped him; he seemed alone in a black world, a pit of horror with sheer, steep walls, from which no escape was possible.

In his ears rang an echo of the dying man's death-rattle; before his eyes danced a vision of his terrible, mocking smile, so terrible that only death, it seemed, could blot out the remembrance of it.

He got up; inaction was no longer possible. He felt that he could never be still again, that only one thing remained for him—death, after he had choked all life from the lying, beautiful fiend upstairs. Death! He came to a sudden pause at the thought of his child. A thought so insupportable that the dew of pain started upon his brow. His child! What future lay before it? What terrible seeds of crime and treachery had the mother planted in that innocent, helpless thing! A flood of other thoughts so black and terrible that he hardly formulated them to himself swept over him. With a bitter cry he rushed from the room.

Outside the door, however, he paused. To reach the place where his wife was he must pass the thing that had once been a man, before his hand had turned it to cold clay. Actual physical fear laid its cold hand on him. With an effort, like that of a child compelled to pass through an empty room, he made a dash for the stairs where so short a time before he had crept stealthily, like a tiger stalking its prey, and hurried up them.

The boudoir door stood a little ajar. The dressing-room was wide open, but the bedroom door was locked. He knocked loudly upon it.

There was an instant's hesitation, the faintest whisper of voices, and it was opened to him by the housekeeper, her face wet with tears.

"I don't think you should come in, sir," she said. "Mrs. Woodruffe is not well."

He looked at her with wild eyes. "Was she in the plot to hoodwink him too? I cannot help that," he said roughly.

The woman felt back a little, terrified by his manner. "The doctor said my lady was not to be excited," she continued, however, with a certain doggedness.

Woodruffe uttered a sharp sound of impatience. "Am I likely to excite Mrs. Woodruffe?" he demanded angrily. "Pray go downstairs. I wish to speak privately to your mistress."

The woman went through the rooms with some unwillingness, and Woodruffe entered Pauline's bedroom and locked the door behind him.

To be continued to-morrow.

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WEST END CLOTHIERS CO., LTD.



Dandies and Slovens in All Walks of Life—A Silk-clad Peer.

As in the case of drink and food, our commissioner found, in pursuing his inquiries on clothes, that, "many prominent politicians leave the selection of their clothes in the hands of their tailors." It was not, however, on the Olympus of outfitting that his first inquiries were made.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman does not go to London's most expensive tailor. He pays the sedate half-a-crown for his ties, and usually buys them black. Black, also, is the sombre covering of his feet, which our commissioner was informed were unusually large, and trying to the tempers of those ready-made boot-sellers whom the Leader of the Opposition not infrequently patronises.

Attorney's Linings.

The tastes of Sir Robert Finlay are more fastidious. The Attorney-General is wont to spend a considerable time over the selection of cloth and lining, "and," added his tailor, with a not too



humble glance at his own immaculate habiliments, "Sir Robert is much prouder of his personal appearance than any casual observer would imagine."

Mr. Morley "dresses like a gentleman," his clothes being founded "on compromise." His collars are specially made for him in Ireland at a cost of 10s. per dozen. He wears them low, and very open in front. The opposite sides of his necktie are united by a ring—symbolical of that philosophical harmony which Mr. Gladstone's biographer loves.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain is "keen for colour effects, particular as to good quality, and very fastidious as to his ties."

Lord Lansdowne, in the privacy of his chamber, dons pyjamas of a very quiet tint. "Dull blue" is his favourite.

A certain tightness about the shoulders and waistband is characteristic of the way in which Sir William Harcourt "stuffs out his waistcoat arguments with his form." At night-time he prefers the good old-fashioned night-shirt.

Mr. Balfour takes more interest in his overcoats than most men. He is fastidious, however, about all his attire. "He always follows the fashion, and has no favourite kind of clothes," added his tailor, with a suspicion of Radical uncharitableness.

Mr. Chaplin gets his clothes not far from St. James's-street. In the choice of material he follows his Royal master and friend. The Duke of Norfolk is careless as to morning dress, but

as keen as the east wind over the fit of his dress clothes.

Mr. Chamberlain, *pièce*, wears "very thin (blue) socks." Like a good Englishman he loathes, and will not look at, the fashionable pleated shirt. (It came from the Continent.) He is in the habit of paying half-a-guinea each for his dress-shirts.

The Duke of Devonshire makes his wearing apparel last, and has about one new suit for every twenty ordered by the King. Like the Duke of Norfolk, he is particular about his dress clothes, and on the whole he dresses well.

"Mr. John Redmond," said a tailor (who is not his tailor), "is very commonplace in the matter of his clothes. But then, of course, he is not a man about town like myself!"

Lord Roberts wears in winter reindeer gloves, lined with aquel, for which he pays 21s. a pair. Lady Ian Hamilton lately bought him a present of



a pair at a Conduit-street shop. Of Lord Kitchener's attitude towards civilian clothes our Commissioner could ascertain nothing.

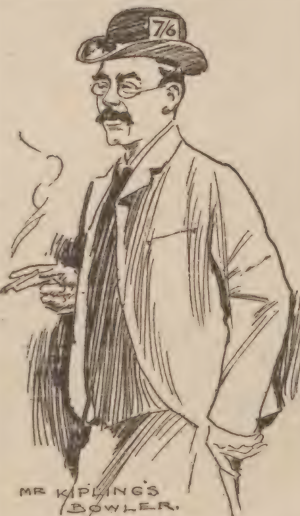
Mr. Kipling seldom transcends the passivity of dark blue serge; nor does he buy more than 7s. 6d. for his bowler hats. But his boots are good, heavy, and made to order.

Mr. Seymour Hicks is very quiet in his tastes, and carries gentlemanly restraint and moderation even as far as his underclothing. Mr. Alfred Austin is kept in form by patent hygienic underwear.

Mr. Hall Caine's clothes are made in the provinces. "They are not of much account," said Savile Row, with metropolitan superciliousness. The Master of Grebe wears long, silk, flowing ties, of azure or ebony, costing no less than "from six shillings to ten shillings each." His gloves are good. They sometimes last him a twelvemonth.

The Marquis of Anglesey is the sun in the firmament of clothes. He wears silken braces of ethereal shades—red as an Alpine sunrise, blue as the Caspian Meeraugen—buys them, too, two dozen pairs at a time. His orders for socks (always silk) are Napoleonic. He has a keen eye for clocks. The latest patterns from Paris are sent to him regularly. "Everything about him," our commissioner was informed, "is silk."

Compared with him, both the Duke of Fife, who specialises in "Fife tweed," and the Scotch peer, who names the exclusive "Lovat mixture," cut poor figures. Lord Lansdale has the "Lowther tweed," drab with a large yellow check. Scotland's



premier Earl (of Crawford) has for years worn frock-coats of blue "diagonal coating" and double-breasted blue serge suits. Lord Carnarvon is fond of striking patterns in silk dressing suits. Two of his latest confections were in light mauve and black stripes, (2) silver-grey and black stripes. In cut he "follows the fashion."

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3,750 yards finest quality Ladies' Dress Cloths, at 2/6 per yard; worth 6/11 and 7/11 per yard.

An inspection of these Cloths is invited.

10,000 yards of best French Printed Delaines, all this Season's designs, at 8½d. per yard; sold everywhere at 1/4½ per yard.

SILK SALOON.

3,270 yards of Printed Japanese Silks, in all colours and an enormous variety of designs. Special price, 1/6½ per yard; original price 1/11½.

3,580 yards of Coloured Striped Soie Mouseline, the newest Silk for Blouses, in all shades, very special value. Special price, 1/4½ per yard; original price 1/11½.

MATERIAL COSTUME SALOON.

Exceptional Purchase of Costumes at a large discount. Over 150 Models from Vienna, Paris and Berlin, quite the choicest designs for the coming season. Extraordinary prices. 75/6 to 10 Guineas; usual prices, 10 to 20 Guineas.

SILK BLOUSE SALOON.

200 Accordion-pleated Silk Blouses, all colours, 14/11; usual price, 21/-; 200 dozen Figured and Spotted Delaine Blouses, perfectly fresh and new designs. All one price, 4/11. Less than half-price.

LACE SALOON.

22,165 YARDS OF HIGH-CLASS LACE.

1,505 yards of Brode Lace and Insertions, hand-made, on fine Brussels net, equal in appearance to Real Limerick, at exactly half-price.

1,993 yards of Guipure Lace and Insertions, several widths, including a design which is the most beautiful copy of the finest Point Venise ever made, the original to be seen in South Kensington Museum, exactly half-price.

1,246 yards of fine Mauresque Lace, all widths, exactly half-price.

733 yards of Embroidered Lisse Lace and Insertions, in Black, White, and White and Black. In various widths at exactly half-price.

16,688 yards of White Valenciennes Lace and Insertions, in every width at exactly half-price.

LADIES' GLOVE SALOON.

302 dozens of Trefousse's Real Kid Gloves, in Beavers, New Mordore shades and Black. These Gloves are made of the best French skins, and guaranteed perfect fitting. Sale price, 2/6 per pair; regular price, 3/11.

200 dozens 2 Pearl Button Suede Gloves, in new shades of Beaver and Grey. Sale price, 1/7½ per pair; regular price, 2/3.

LADIES' HOSIERY SALOON.

250 dozens of Morley's Lace Lisle Thread Hose, in Black and New Leather Tan shades. Sale price, 1/- per pair, or 3 pairs for 2/11; regular price, 1/6½.

57 dozens Fast Dye Black Cashmere Hose, with new Lace Fronts. Sale price, 1/3½ per pair, or 3 pairs for 3/6; regular price, 1/11½.

UMBRELLA SALOON.

SPECIAL LINE IN LADIES' UMBRELLAS.

500 Bordered Levantine Silk, on Sterling Silver (hall-marked) and Plated Gold Handles, steel tubes (small rolling) or ordinary sticks, 7/11; usual price, 10/9.

TRIMMING SALOON.

A Manufacturer's Stock of smart Stole Trimming Collars for early Spring wear, in Navy, Reseda, Brown, Moleskin, Red, Turquoise, and Fawn colourings, also Black and Ecru. Sale price, 2/- each; usual price, 6/11.

A quantity of smart Elastic Strap Belts, in Black, White, Emerald, Navy, Red, Helio and Sky, with steel studs and ornaments. Sale price, 5/6 each; usual price, 6/11.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO LETTER ORDERS.

PETER ROBINSON, LTD., OXFORD-ST.

A PAGE OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO WOMEN.

EASTER TOILETTES.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A PRETTY SKIRT.

The importance of a smart silk underskirt becomes this spring more pronounced than ever it was before. The reason this emphatic remark should receive every evidence is that the best dressmakers are not lining the skirts of their toilettes, but are depending on the petticoat for all the foundation the dress requires.

This being the case, the girl who has to economise should subtract from the cost of her frock that of the lining, which, if it should be a silk one, amounts up to a considerable sum. The sum that is saved she should put aside towards her stock of spring petticoats, nor need she be in the least afraid, if she goes to the proper source for them, that she will have to pay a very high price for a specially good jupe.

In the centre of this page will be perceived a smart silk underskirt made of a very good quality of glacé silk with a full-shaped pleated flounce, an. of an excellent fit about the hips (a most important point), which is sold by Messrs. Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly-circus, at 14s. 6d. only. No fewer than thirty-six shades of colour are procurable in this skirt, and of course black figures also as a choice. In the whole history of the tempestuous petticoat it is scarcely likely that better value for money than this has been procurable.

The ready-made costume is always a great point of Messrs. Swan and Edgar's establishment, and if it were possible to dwell upon the hundreds of excellent models they have this season the task would be a delightful one, if somewhat of a lengthy

character. The gown of the first column must, in the absence of space, stand sponsor for the rest of the frocks to prove their smartness and fascinating qualities.

Here is a model called the Highclere, comprising a coat and skirt, with a white cloth vest and a trimming of Oriental embroidery. It is made in black and navy serges, and in a large range of very pretty shades of hopsack and tweeds. The sum of £22s. purchases this excellent costume, the coat of which is lined with silk, and I would add, for the benefit of those who want to write for the



The "Highclere" is a very smart coat and skirt of navy blue serge, white cloth and Oriental embroideries.



A smart silk petticoat called the "Swan," which costs only 14/6.

costume, that it is made in a stock size, comprising a twenty-four inch waist measurement, a thirty-six inch bust one, and a forty-four inch one from the waist to the hem of the skirt. Made to measure the toilette costs only 7s. 6d. beyond the £22s. already mentioned.

HOW SOLDIERS SET FASHIONS

The vogue of the "staff-cap," as worn by modish women when motoring or cycling, has yet to be explained. It is neither beautiful in itself nor becoming to the wearer; and the stiff outline of the big peak imparts a hard effect to the most sparkling and piquant face. Nevertheless, it is the fashion, and only one of the fashions which our womenkind have borrowed from the Army.

Another military fashion which is now beginning to "fade away and gradually die"—as Mr. Leslie Stuart would say—is the Guard's coat. This hardly elegant, but very convenient and comfortable, garment closely resembles, and is, in fact, borrowed from, the long, blue-collared, crimson overcoat worn by the six-footers of the Life Guards, and reproduced in blue with a red collar for their comrades in the Blues. It looks very well on tall and slender figures, but when it is ended by a short and dumpy woman the effect is more interesting than convincing.

There is nothing at all new in this adapting of military attire to suit feminine fashions. The father of all the blouses that ever were, not to mention the American "shirt-waist," was the great patriot and soldier, General Garibaldi. When he visited England in 1864, his popularity then being at its height, the enthusiasm beat anything that these degenerate times can show.

Such an opportunity was not to be missed by the wide-awake haberdasher, and soon came an enterprising genius put on the market a garment which he called a "garibaldi." It was intended to recall

Sir Richard Sutton, the boy baronet, who was born after his father's death and came into his title at once.

Only a very small portion of Park-lane belongs to the Duke of Westminster; some of it is, I believe, Crown land.

Some of the richest men in England are those who own land in London. Of these the Duke of Westminster owns the Park, although the Duke of Bedford and Lord Howard de Walden have enormous properties.

Little and Good.

Sir Cavendish Boyle, the newly-appointed Governor of Mauritius, is the youngest son of the late Captain Boyle, Governor of the military prison at Weolun, in Northamptonshire. Like his brother, the late Sir Courtenay Boyle, Sir Cavendish is exceedingly small of stature, and at Charterhouse, where they were educated, the brothers went by the name of "Old Bo" and "Teeny Bo."

The new Governor began his official life as a clerk in the Probate Court. Then he tried his fortunes without very marked success on the Stock Exchange, and was ultimately provided for by an appointment in the Leeward Islands, and has been successively colonial secretary of Bermuda and Gibraltar.

He did well in each of these positions, was extremely popular as Governor of Newfoundland, and his long colonial experience admirably qualifies him for his present important office.

Some Items.

Lady Tweedmouth's party at Brook House on Friday evening will be preceded by a dinner-party.

Lord and Lady Helmley, who have been staying at Warwick House for a few days, have been busy house-hunting, and have found one to suit them in Halkin-street, where they will be for the season.

The Bachelors' Club have just issued an interesting pamphlet, giving the names of members who served in the South African war. These number 400, of whom twenty-eight died during the campaign.

A bed has been endowed in their memory in St. George's Hospital by the club, which is one of the smartest and most exclusive of London clubs. Apropos of clubs it is interesting to note that the Duchess of Leeds has consented to become vice-president of the Ladies' Athenium Club. This is a great honour, inasmuch as the Duchess is extremely exclusive, rarely taking any part in public or social functions.



Above is shown a very charming scheme for a gown carried out in blue supple cloth with a gauged yoke and smart bow trimmings.

the 'unconventional uniform worn by the patriot-general and his grim "red-shirt," and had an instantaneous success. From it has descended all the various sorts of blouses and "waists" which our sisters, cousins, and aunts endure in this present year of grace.

To the Franco-German struggle of 1870-1 we owe the " zouave " jacket.

Spats for women have their origin in the enthusiasm excited by the deeds of the Highland regiments during the Indian Mutiny.

There is no need to recall the sumptuary effects of the recent bloody struggle in South Africa, when a wave of khaki swept over the land, taking effect in all kinds of absurd and unexpected places, so that one of the heroes of "Florodora" declared that

You lose a lot of chances, And you don't get asked to dances, Unless you're dressed in khaki like a military man.

Most people thought it had gone far enough when a publican in the Strand district attired his barmaids in a khaki parody of the British soldier's uniform.

Ladies in search of a really cheap toque would do well to call on Messdames Hancock and James, 8, Grafton-street, Bond-street, W., who are having a sale of useful millinery specially for Easter wear. Among the many smart models is a white straw toque with black lace insertions and straw bows at side, price 15s. 9d.

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SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

Although the Prince and Princess of Wales were not able to be present at the concert in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, as had been hoped, this had no effect upon the audience, which was very large and appreciative. Lady Maud Warrender sang, and Lady Galloway played, while the programme also included Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mr. Gervase Elwes, and Señor Rubio.

Peer Landlords.

After all, Gloucester House is not to come into the market, nor is a huge block of flats to be built upon the site. Some time ago the site was sold to the London County Council, and it will be used in widening the entrance to Park-lane.

Most people imagine that the land upon which Gloucester House is built is the property of the Duke of Westminster, who is landlord of so much of that part of London. It, however, belonged to

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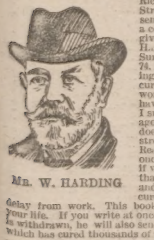
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A prominent specialist in the cure of Rupture has written a book on the subject, and tells how hundreds of sufferers have cured themselves at home at a slight expense. The book has been published for free distribution and should be obtained at once. It is written by Dr. W. S. Rice (Dept. 1274), 15, St. Pancras Street, London, E.C. and by simply sending your name he will send you a copy free of all cost. The portrait given here is that of Mr. William Harding, Forester, Amble, Northumberland, Surrey, who was cured at the age of 74, by Dr. Rice's method. Mr. Harding says: "I am pleased to say I am cured of my rupture, and I have not worn my truss since last August. I have had a very severe cough ever since I suffered from rupture. About seven years ago, and though it still continues it does not affect my cure. I feel as strong as I ever was in my life. Readers are requested to write at once for the free book. No money if you are wearing some form of truss that affords some relief, send at once and learn how ruptures have been cured at home without danger or book containing advice that may save your life. If you write at once this remarkable free offer will be yours, he will also send you a free sample of his method which has cured thousands of ruptures."



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READERS' PARLIAMENT.

IS SUICIDE COWARDLY?

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.)

As one who has passed through a severe illness through a nervous breakdown permit me to express my full concurrence with the suggestion that suicide is more often the result of moral cowardice than actual brain disease.

At the same time I am fully persuaded that, nerve-destroying, enervating habits aside, much of this moral decrepitude is occasioned by the use of opiates and other sedatives.

I strongly urge upon all sufferers from such malady the abandonment of all drugs except such as are prescribed by a good physician, and the cultivation of good habits by the adoption of sound hygienic principles.

GEO. WM. MATTHEWS.
Gordon-road, Shoreham, Sussex, March 21.

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.)

In reply to your correspondent who signs himself J. C. McN., I would ask which he would prefer in case of adversity—being thrown out of employment, as I am, with a wife who has been an invalid five years.

I was thrown over through no fault of my own, and now I must live on charity or in the workhouse. I say suicide is preferable to both, more especially when, after a man has been a faithful ratepayer for a number of years, he has to enter an English workhouse and he is branded as a pauper.

IN ADVERSITY.

OVERCROWDING IN TRAINS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.)

If the passengers by the workmen's trains from Upton Park and Plaistow stations were to ride seventeen in a compartment they would think themselves very lucky; twenty-six is a common occurrence, and it is getting worse every week.

How would Mr. Perks like my experience of the other day in one of his trains when travelling with an ordinary ticket from Bromley to Upton Park? I got in a compartment with six seated on each seat and ten standing up. At the last moment, failing to crush in elsewhere, a man got in whose clothes were one mass of some white greasy matter, and after a struggle the door was closed, with the result that my clothing was smeared with the dirt off the other man's clothes, and will require being sent to be cleaned.

The overcrowding on this route cannot, I am certain, be beaten by any other route.

East Ham. H. A. G.

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.)

I read with pleasure in a recent issue a letter, signed "A Sufferer," re the overcrowding on the District Railway.

It is quite true that on the Wimbledon line the company have taken one second class carriage away, and, therefore, passengers are either forced to seek accommodation in the first class (where they are promptly seized upon by the inspectors, and charged for riding in "a class superior to which and left your ticket entitles you to") or else be left waiting on the platform until an empty train comes along!

It is also a matter of great regret that the company do not have their carriages cleaned more frequently.

SEASON TICKET-HOLDER.
Parson's Green, S.W.

ALTERED FEET.

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.)

I see you have been inquiring whether women's feet are larger than they used to be. Can you tell me how it is that in all ancient statues the first toe is longer than the great toe (just as, on the hand, the first finger is longer than the thumb), whereas nowadays on all the feet I have ever seen the great toe is the longer?

I suppose this alteration has been caused by wearing boots instead of sandals, and I fancy if we wore gloves without fingers (on the same principle as boots) our first fingers might shrink in the same way.

Gower-street. ART STUDENT.

WOMEN, BEWARE!

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.)

When will women learn wisdom? At present, by entering into competition with men in business, and jeeringly suggesting that men should take up housekeeping duties, they are running a grave risk of being found out.

Women have already demonstrated their business incapacity; if men only accept their suggestion and try housekeeping for a little they will find how simple it really is, and how hopelessly incapable the majority of the fair sex are. Men have beaten women at millinery, cooking, and dressmaking already. If they take up housekeeping another of their illusions will be dispelled.

Whetstone Park, N. C. T.

WHAT WOMEN THINK.

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.)

Having read Mr. Spencer's letter on immoral bachelors we beg to inform him that the saying of David, that all men are liars, is evidently correct. We understand, of course, that clerks never earn enough to marry and keep respectable girls. They could do so, if they would not be so immoral. That seems to be all that some men live for. It seems that girls not only have to fight for their living, but they are to have their characters taken away by men who judge all girls by their own associates, whom we feel sorry for. Evidently women, instead of being looked after by the men, are made mere playthings.

FROM A FEW GIRLS WHO DON'T THINK MUCH OF CLERKS.

ROOSTER STOPS A FOOTBALL MATCH.

During a football match at Trowbridge, between Trowbridge and Bristol Rovers, a large rooster suddenly appeared among the players.

The bird seemed to be very much interested in the game, and some difficulty was experienced in capturing it, the game having to be suspended for a time.

BOAT RACE PROSPECTS.

Cambridge, Although Favourites, May Have to Fight Hard to Win.

With only a few days to go before the decision of the race, the interest in the "battle of the blues" shows marked increase.

One reason is that Oxford have come along by leaps and bounds since the crew was finally constituted, and this is due to the careful and watchful training of Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher.

Ten days ago they were generally considered rough, unpolished, and altogether lacking in that finish which goes to make the perfect oarsman.

THE CANTABS "ALL OUT."



This picture was taken immediately after the close of a long trial spin in which the Light Blues almost rowed themselves to a standstill. [From Photo.]

To-day they are well together; they row with plenty of life, and they look as if they would easily stay the trying course from Putney to Mortlake at racing pace.

Naturally, in the last week of their practice, the men have not been put to any serious tests, but the work has been strong enough to keep them fit for next Saturday's ordeal.

Oxford will probably improve still further between now and the race, but Cambridge are so finely trained that they will want careful handling to prevent them going stale.

Yesterday's Practice.

Yesterday morning the Oxonians were the first to get afloat, the boat being launched from the London boathouse at 9.45. Long paddling, interspersed with sharp bursts, was the order, and probably will be till the end of the week.

A fairly good row, which took the boat as far as the Crab Tree was the prelude to some sharp sprints from moored skiffs. Breaking away from

Doves. Mr. Etherington-Smith stroked the scratch lot, and though the water was slack the Dark Blues showed capital form, and made many friends.

In the morning Cambridge got afloat at 10.15, and did their best work before noon. After a paddle as far as Walden's they had a couple of formal starts from skiffs in half a minute, and at the finish of the spin had struck the water thirty-six times in sixty-three seconds.

In the afternoon the Cantabs had a good spin with a London scratch eight, stroked by G. R. Davis, but it was only of two minutes' duration, and the work of the day finished.

Latest weights:—

| OXFORD. | |
|------------------------------------------|--------------|
| T. G. Brocklehurst (Trinity) (bow) ... | st. 10 9 1/2 |
| 2 R. V. Somers (St. Mary's) ... | 12 10 1/2 |
| 3 A. H. Hales (Corpus) ... | 12 4 1/2 |
| 4 H. W. Jelp (Christ Church) ... | 12 6 1/2 |
| 5 P. C. Underhill (Bresnons) ... | 12 10 1/2 |
| 6 A. H. Balfour (University) ... | 12 0 1/2 |
| 7 E. F. Evans (University) ... | 13 1 1/2 |
| 8 A. C. Graham (Balliol) (stroke) ... | 11 0 1/2 |
| 9 E. T. Warner (Christ Church) (cox) ... | 7 10 1/2 |

BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.

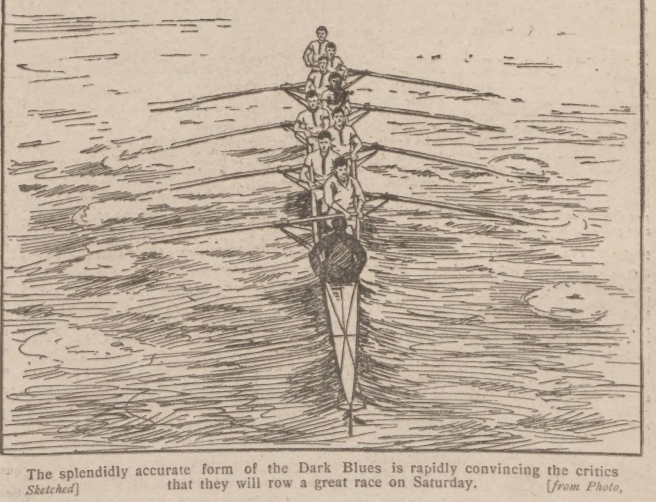
When the second day's play in the match between Dawson and Stevenson resumed yesterday Stevenson was resumed yesterday Stevenson was 1,300 and Dawson 1,198.

Stevenson converted an unfinished break of 73 into 90, and afterwards completed 185, 143, 75, 45, 61, and 62 (unfinished). His biggest break included a difficult massive stroke.

Dawson played with bad luck throughout the afternoon, finding special difficulty with the right-hand top pocket, in the mouth of which his ball struck three or four times. His best runs were 61, 57, 48, 54, and 56. During the afternoon Dawson only completed 438, against 720 by his opponent. The score at the interval was: Stevenson, 2,250; Dawson, 1,647.

| CAMBRIDGE. | |
|-------------------------------------------|-----------|
| H. Sanger (Lady Margaret) (bow) ... | st. 10 8 |
| 2 B. M. Bruce (Trinity Hall) ... | 12 0 |
| 3 R. C. Johnston (Third Trinity) ... | 12 1 |
| 4 A. L. Lawrence (First Trinity) ... | 12 13 1/2 |
| 5 R. V. Powell (Third Trinity) ... | 12 7 1/2 |
| 6 P. H. Thomas (Third Trinity) ... | 12 7 1/2 |
| 7 H. D. Giles (Caius) ... | 10 4 1/2 |
| 8 M. V. Smith (Trinity Hall) (stroke) ... | 10 6 |
| 9 B. G. A. Scott (Trinity Hall) (cox) ... | 8 4 1/2 |

OXFORD GOING WELL.



The splendidly accurate form of the Dark Blues is rapidly convincing the critics that they will row a great race on Saturday. [From Photo.]

YESTERDAY'S FOOTBALL RESULT.

BRADFORD v. LEIGH.

Two thousand people witnessed this postponed match at Bradford yesterday. Bradford asserted a clear superiority and won by 17 points to 5. In the first half Bradford scored tries through Moley, Dunbavin, and Sinton, and Moley kicked three goals—one a penalty. After the interval Neville got over for Leigh, and John scored a penalty goal. Just before the close Eagers dropped a goal for Bradford, who won by 4 goals and 3 tries to a goal and a try.

TO-DAY'S MATCHES.

ASSOCIATION.

Herne Hill: London v. The Army.
Plymouth: Plymouth Argyle v. Brentford.

RUGBY.

Blackheath: Kent v. Devon. (County Championships.)

Daily Bargains.

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1932s. 6d.; 1934s. 6d.; 1936s. 6d.; 1938s. 6d.; 1940s. 6d.; 1942s. 6d.; 1944s. 6d.; 1946s. 6d.; 1948s. 6d.; 1950s. 6d.; 1952s. 6d.; 1954s. 6d.; 1956s. 6d.; 1958s. 6d.; 1960s. 6d.; 1962s. 6d.; 1964s. 6d.; 1966s. 6d.; 1968s. 6d.; 1970s. 6d.; 1972s. 6d.; 1974s. 6d.; 1976s. 6d.; 1978s. 6d.; 1980s. 6d.; 1982s. 6d.; 1984s. 6d.; 1986s. 6d.; 1988s. 6d.; 1990s. 6d.; 1992s. 6d.; 1994s. 6d.; 1996s. 6d.; 1998s. 6d.; 2000s. 6d.; 2002s. 6d.; 2004s. 6d.; 2006s. 6d.; 2008s. 6d.; 2010s. 6d.; 2012s. 6d.; 2014s. 6d.; 2016s. 6d.; 2018s. 6d.; 2020s. 6d.; 2022s. 6d.; 2024s. 6d.; 2026s. 6d.; 2028s. 6d.; 2030s. 6d.; 2032s. 6d.; 2034s. 6d.; 2036s. 6d.; 2038s. 6d.; 2040s. 6d.; 2042s. 6d.; 2044s. 6d.; 2046s. 6d.; 2048s. 6d.; 2050s. 6d.; 2052s. 6d.; 2054s. 6d.; 2056s. 6d.; 2058s. 6d.; 2060s. 6d.; 2062s. 6d.; 2064s. 6d.; 2066s. 6d.; 2068s. 6d.; 2070s. 6d.; 2072s. 6d.; 2074s. 6d.; 2076s. 6d.; 2078s. 6d.; 2080s. 6d.; 2082s. 6d.; 2084s. 6d.; 2086s. 6d.; 2088s. 6d.; 2090s. 6d.; 2092s. 6d.; 2094s. 6d.; 2096s. 6d.; 2098s. 6d.; 2100s. 6d.; 2102s. 6d.; 2104s. 6d.; 2106s. 6d.; 2108s. 6d.; 2110s. 6d.; 2112s. 6d.; 2114s. 6d.; 2116s. 6d.; 2118s. 6d.; 2120s. 6d.; 2122s. 6d.; 2124s. 6d.; 2126s. 6d.; 2128s. 6d.; 2130s. 6d.; 2132s. 6d.; 2134s. 6d.; 2136s. 6d.; 2138s. 6d.; 2140s. 6d.; 2142s. 6d.; 2144s. 6d.; 2146s. 6d.; 2148s. 6d.; 2150s. 6d.; 2152s. 6d.; 2154s. 6d.; 2156s. 6d.; 2158s. 6d.; 2160s. 6d.; 2162s. 6d.; 2164s. 6d.; 2166s. 6d.; 2168s. 6d.; 2170s. 6d.; 2172s. 6d.; 2174s. 6d.; 2176s. 6d.; 2178s. 6d.; 2180s. 6